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Saturday Review

December 26, 1970 Fifty Cents

Writing and the Film

BUT WHO WROTE THE MOVIE?
by Hollis Alpert

THE CRUEL, CRUEL CRITICS
by Stephen Koch

A FLOOD OF FILM BOOKS
by Arthur Knight

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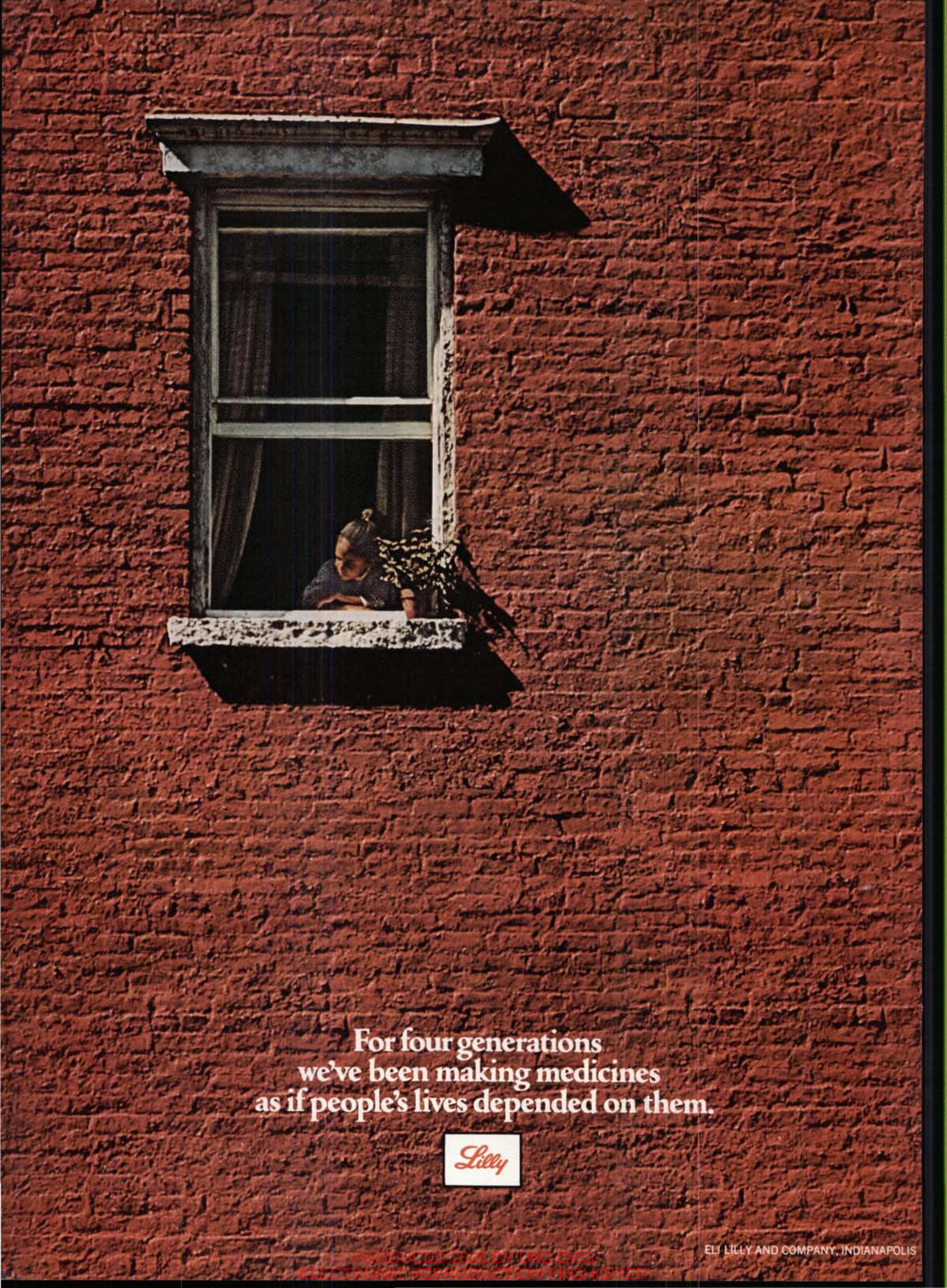

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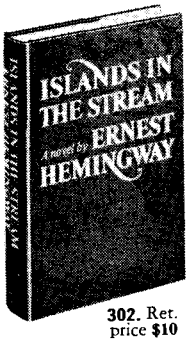

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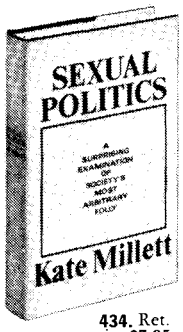

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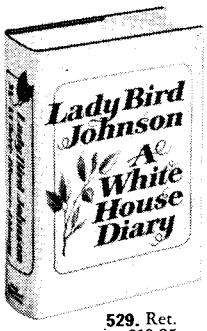

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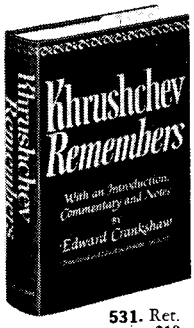

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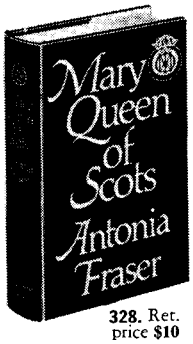

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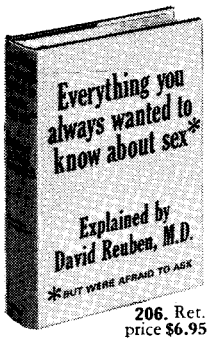

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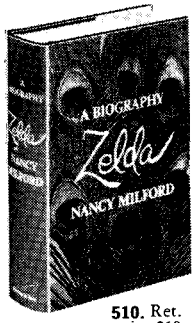

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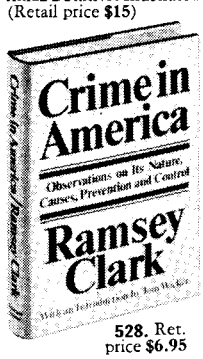

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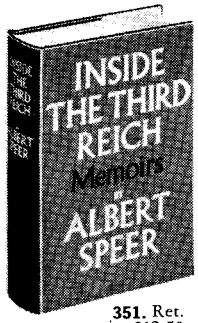

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Sometimes you have to wait a long time for a good book. More than twelve years ago, we met two wonderful men, Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer. Not long before, they had done a fine book for Simon & Schuster called *The Movies*. Now they wanted to do a book about the people of the movies, those special creatures we all knew, and sometimes loved, called the stars.

Many things interfered with the writing of the book. Arthur and Dick agreed not to collaborate, but remained fast friends. In due course the manuscript began to arrive. We agreed to take nearly two years to design and produce the book—and Dick and I spent many happy hours at the Museum of Modern Art, where he was once curator of films, choosing stills. We argued: which photograph was more shocking or surprising? Which more amusing or cruel or campy? Finally, we could get the collection down to no fewer than about 700—and we decided to let the designer, Robert Aulicino, make some of the final choices.

Then, during one of the long months when the book was in design and production, Dick Griffith was killed. He had left the book complete up to a point halfway through his Conclusion. I pieced out the rest, using his words, drawn from his letters.

The result is glorious. THE MOVIE STARS, wrote David Elliott in the *Chicago Daily News 'Panorama Magazine,'* "has the stature of a major literary estate . . . immensely erudite, and graced with a vast affection for the movies." Henry S. Resnik in the *Saturday Review* said that "anyone who loves movies will find it irresistible—it's like a shrine for the great mythical heroes of our time."

But the review that might have pleased Dick Griffith most was that of David Denby in the *New York Times Book Review*. He said that "Doubleday's packaging of this material has all the satisfying glamour of a prestige MGM production from the high 1930's."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE MOVIE STARS ($25.00), by Richard Griffith, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

December 26, 1970

Saturday Review

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Writing and the Film

A three-part look at the people who write for and about the movies

Cover design: Bob Cato (photo from the Bettmann Archive)

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Not with a Bang but a Hiccup

IN THE DENTIST'S chair last week—or, more precisely, at the endodontist's, which is a special breed of cat—I found myself with either a problem or a solution, I am not sure which. Still, I think I had better write it down.

The endodontist gets his name from the root word *end*, meaning end of the line for that particular tooth. If it refuses to cooperate once its canal is thoroughly dredged, explored, and shored up, the next stop is the exodontist, which comes from the root word *ex*, as in ex-tooth, ex-husband, or whatever; i.e., something you are now without. The exodontist is a good dontist to stay away from as long as you can.

However, that's all by the way. Back to my endodontist and my problem, which became evident shortly after he gave me the nitrous oxide, from the root words "laughing gas."

I had taken laughing gas once before, years ago, but the trip had been a bummer. Dull and depressing, it had only made me unusually aware of the minute hand's slow creep around the clock. Naturally enough, when the doctor proposed it this time, I said, no thanks.

But he argued—said it might be a perilous journey down this particular root canal, and that I should give the stuff one more try. If I wanted to shut it off at any time, he said, all I had to do was raise a finger.

So it began—the steady hiss and sizzle of the N_2O—and he began. And I began, presently, to feel a warm tingling from the toes to the scalp. Then I felt the risibilities rising. They started in the pit of my stomach as a good belly-laugh should, making merry the solar plexus and the rib cage. In almost no time I was fizzy throughout, like good club soda, and I knew my eyes were dancing—a schottische, I believe—for Dr. Nussbaum was regarding me with approval.

But I was too busy to pay him much mind. I was pondering my problem, which is this: As a humor writer, most of my life, I have been in the habit of working from the other end. That is, the humor writer customarily sees or thinks something which seems, or might be, funny. At that point, with the humor buried deep in the thing seen or thought, it is the writer's job to pry it out, arduously and painfully, to see if it is; and then, if so, to make it palpable to someone else. First the thing observed, second the laughter.

But now the laughter came first. If it hadn't been for all those things in my mouth—brace-and-bit, Roto-Rooter, and a full set of knuckles—I could have hired myself out as a laugh track to Don Rickles or anyone else who really needs one. Hee hee hee, ho ho ho, and I'd have slapped my knee if I hadn't been afraid the doctor would misinterpret it as a lifted finger and cut off my supply.

First the laughter, as I say, but nothing behind it. Not a matter of putting the cart before the horse, you see, but simply the cart rollicking around by itself all over the highway; no horse in sight. Groovy.

Well, it made me think, all right. If we're all going down the drain drugwise, why not go cheerily? There isn't much to laugh at today, and that's a fact. But if we adopted N_2O as a form of positive thinking, developed a kind of global gaseous *Coué*, so to speak, *every day in every way, things are getting funnier and funnier*, the reality might eventually match the assumption.

Perhaps it will be objected that nitrous oxide is old-fashioned. After all, people were giggling in the dentist's chair back in 1799. But hash and grass have been around for a while, too. Anyway, all the old-time things are coming back. Look at all the draggy dresses and the frock coats and the macramé and the thunder mugs, though most people use them now as martini pitchers.

Mainly, though, it made me wonder why humorists have been wasting their time all these years. Think of the work and sweat expended on something that's hardly worth a titter on a cold day, as it turns out, when, all the while, nitrous oxide is funnier than anybody.

Naturally, as soon as we all start mainlining the happy way, all humor writers will be out of business. But that's okay. Then each and every one of us can go get a job as fry cook or sand hog or something else easy.

—PEG BRACKEN.

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—TODD HUNT.

"Yes, my new secretary is working out fine. . . . Of course, HE'S taking a little kidding from the other secretaries, and the typist pool chipped in for fresh-cut flowers for HIS desk. I hope he breaks his damned neck!"

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Take a Love Letter

DEAR SUMMER:

Long time no hear. Where are you? In three months not even one X-marks-my-room postcard. Was this just another kiss and tan summer romance?

Well, that's life. Here I am, for the next three months in a deep freeze, with deadlines to make, schedules to keep. But you can just pick up anytime and follow the sun. You and your solstices and equinoxes. No sweat!

I miss you. Oh, I know what you're thinking. I wasn't too unhappy to see you go last September 23. (See? I even remember the date.) I didn't say, "Do drop in again and see us anytime you're in town."

But you have to admit you did overdo your sun bit last July. I was irritable. Everybody was, what with being alerted every hot day to conserve electricity by turning off our air conditioners. And then in August our air conditioner went out entirely, with no one around to fix it. Every summer, both our air conditioner and the man who sold it to us take their vacations in August.

So you can understand and hopefully forgive my not driving you out to the airport with a basket of fruit to bid you bon voyage. OK? Friends again?

Well, if you're still interested, I can tell you that not much has changed here. Instead of the electricity shortage we were alerted about when you were here, we now are alerted we are going to have a fuel shortage. Coal and oil, they have told us, will be in short supply.

A shortage for all seasons, right? And wouldn't you know our air conditioner that wouldn't work last August is working really great now? Even without turning it on it's working. That stiff north wind comes ablowing out of it all through the apartment.

So while you're having the time of your life down there in Rio de Janeiro, or Sydney, Australia, or wherever, just think of me huddling up to an icy radiator in my fur cap with the earflaps, and fur-lined overcoat. You've never seen my beautiful fur-lined overcoat, have you? Of course not, you're never here this time of year. Where are you when we need you?

Well, so much for levity. You missed the big excitement when we had our long campaign and election. That was really the hottest. (No disrespect to you intended, ha ha.) All the voters across the country were turned on by the clever speeches of our President and Vice President, and when the votes were finally counted, Nixon and Agnew had won the election! And they weren't even running! Something like my air conditioner; it runs, and I don't even turn it on.

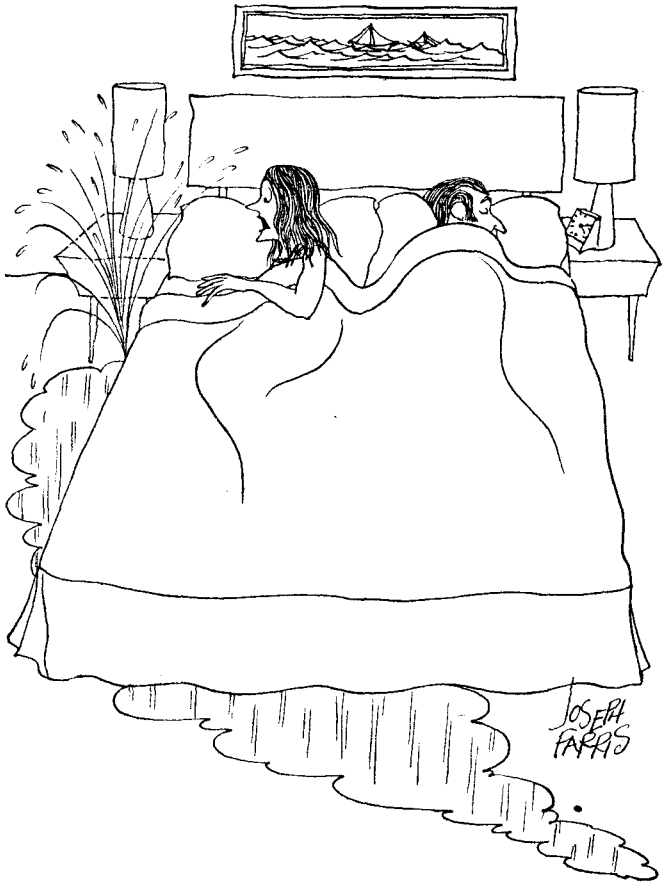
So you can imagine what a landslide it will be for Nixon and Agnew when they are actually running in the next election. *Time* magazine quoted our President as saying at a Cabinet meeting: "If any of you here are betting men, you can give your friends in the press odds on the Presidential success in 1972."

If you ask me, I think he'll be a shoo-in. I only wish I had some money to bet on him. I got hung up on my finances when I started to play the stock market last April. That was around the time Mr. Nixon was quoted as telling a meeting of businessmen to "buy stocks now." If I ever get close to even, I'll bet everything I made in the market when he runs next time.

Let me see—what else? Oh yes, you were still here when the fashion designers came out with the maxi to replace the mini. Well, nobody these days can dictate to a liberated woman what she should or shouldn't show, so the maxis are selling at a mini.

And the department stores, stuck with all those maxis, are trying to make up for it by telling the women that since they can't show as much as they used to skirt-wise, they can make up for it by showing more blouse-wise, cut very low now. Which is playing both ends of the maxi and mini against the midi.

Well, dear Summer, I've been long and meandering. Actually this was supposed to be a short love note. I'll let J. R. Lowell say it for me: "What is so rare as a day in June?/Then, if ever, come perfect days." For me, that rare day in June will be the twenty-first. I'll be out to the airport to meet you. Unless it's so rare a day in June that it's snowing. I remain, as ever. Freezing.



"David, David, we're sinking! Our aqua bed has sprung a leak!"

Coming January 23

SR's 13th Annual Business Issue with the Committee for Economic Development (CED)

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The Christmas section of the Corvallis, Oregon, *Gazette-Times* asked its readers what Christmas meant to them. Martha Schary of Corvallis spotted one answer from "a young father":

> My wife and I think mostly about the kids. We had lots of jun when we were frowing up.

Anyway, gun and fames, we presume, for the whole jamily. Shades of tonstant weader and Dorothy Parker. Meanwhile, Velita Caroff of San Jose, California, found another use for the small fry—from the "Hints from Heloise" column in the San Jose *News*:

> Dear Heloise: Save your plastic pill and aspirin bottles to use for salt and pepper shakers. Perforate the kids with a punch or nail and you have the handiest set of shakers for a picnic or anything.

Perforce, of course. As for our Classified of the Week, there were two, both feminine. The first came from Inge Steer of Norwalk, Connecticut, who found it in the Norwalk *Hour*:

> **WOMAN** wishes to sit in her own home by the hour, day or week. 838-4978.

At last, an answer to all these liberty gibbets. But our second Classified was more mysterious—a "Help Wanted" found by Glee Crutcher of Louisville, Kentucky, in the *Voice-Jeffersonian*:

> **FEMALE**—Part-time. Ideal for mother with children in school. Will train. Minimum height 5'5". Peasant work in small business.

Gee, and these days *any* size peasants are *so* hard to get. Elsewhere, Mrs. Marie Robinson of West Chester State College, Pennsylvania, located, at the entrance of her college bookstore, some provocative graffiti:

> If con is the opposite of pro,
> what is the opposite of progress?

For ourselves, lecturing to the Chicago Historical Society, we had the pleasure of staying at the same hotel, Chicago's Executive House, with one of our favorite correspondents—ABC News's Marlene Sanders. Miss Sanders promptly corresponded—by sending us, verbatim, the sticker on her door.

> BEFORE RETIRING TO INSURE PRIVACY
> PLEASE CHAIN LOCK YOUR DOOR
> THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT
> HARRY B. FEAR
> VICE-PRESIDENT

It's just like we've always told you, Marlene. We have nothing to fear but Harry.

When an unknown author writes a biography of an unknown man, the chances of success are—well, known. And, on publication, the book *Duty, Honor, Empire*, subtitled "The Life and Times of Colonel Richard Meinertzhagen," by John Lord, was no earthshaker. Mr. Lord, who works for NBC News, was on the *Today* show for, he says modestly, "old school ties' sake," and his book had fine reviews. But, asked what interviews he had had, he told us quietly, "This is the only one."

That is a pity. For not only is the book fascinating, so is the story of it. In the first place, not one reader in a thousand had ever heard the name of Meinertzhagen before the book. In the second place, even the one who had didn't know anything about him. "On top of that," says Mr. Lord, "nobody, but nobody, can say the name first time off. It's like 'meteorological'—they just stop."

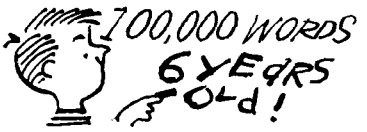
Mr. Lord, who was born in England, can say the word "meteorological"—in fact he got his first job on television by saying it right in a contest. But why, we wanted to know, did he write a book about Meinertzhagen?

"Well," he told us, "I first came across his name in a book I was reading about the First World War in East Africa. He was chief of intelligence for the British, and what interested me was his mind. There was a story about how he got rid of the chief enemy spy. He simply wrote a letter to him, thanking him for all he had done. He then gave the letter to one of the most dimwitted of his own men, who he knew would be captured. The man was, and the spy was executed."

Mr. Lord next came across Meinertzhagen when reading about the Palestine of 1914-18, where the Colonel was chief of intelligence not only for Allenby but also for Lawrence of Arabia. What intrigued Mr. Lord this time was that at the same time Meinertzhagen was doing all that, he was also building a spy system for the Jewish underground, which was fighting for the British against the Turks—after which Meinertzhagen himself became a Zionist.

At best, however, Mr. Lord still thought of his man as ancient history. Then one day, when he was looking up someone else in *The International Who's Who*, he came, by accident, upon Meinertzhagen. He found, to his amazement, that he was still alive. He was, in fact, eighty-eight. Promptly Mr. Lord took off for London and not only interviewed his man at length but also got permission to use all of his diaries—covering a seventy-year period. The very next year, Meinertzhagen died.

Mr. Lord had so much material, indeed, that this was his chief problem. "I had to cut 30,000 words," he told us. "One reason was that I had written 100,000 words and still Meinertzhagen



was only six years old." But Mr. Lord was still determined to write the times of his man, as well as his man. "The more you got into what the British Victorians and the American Victorians were like," he said, "and the problems they had to face, the more you realized that the age *was* relevant to our age—and in this respect Meinertzhagen was very important because, whatever else he was, he was a man of unshakable principle. When he saw that the British government was not carrying out the spirit of the Balfour Declaration, he quit—and quit as chief policy officer.

"The lesson, and the paradox, is that the great liberals such as Gladstone and Wilson start off with the best of intentions but end up bogged down in a morass of expediency. Gladstone, for example, won the Midlothian by going around saying they must not invade Afghanistan, but as soon as he became Prime Minister, he bombarded Alexandria, crushed a nationalist rebellion, and began the invasion of Africa."

Mr. Lord's mail these days, he admits, runs heavily to people who have little-known ancestors and who hope he will make them better-known. Unless you happen to be a descendant of an Indian prince or princess, however, you haven't much of a chance. Mr. Lord is currently at work on a book about India's maharajahs.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1915)

(RICHARD) ARMOUR:
A SHORT HISTORY OF SEX

A relaxed attitude toward sex began shortly after World War I. . . . Writers came to grips with life, and some, who had just moved in, came to life with grips. . . . Paris was full of Americans who had the money and Parisians who had the know-how. Something was sure to come of it.

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Three concerned observers take a close look at those people who originate, who criticize, and who reflect upon the world of celluloid, starting with the question . . .

But Who Wrote the Movie?

by HOLLIS ALPERT

When *M★A★S★H* won the grand prize at the 1970 Cannes Film Festival, overlooked during the congratulatory ceremonies was Ring Lardner, Jr., whose wildly funny script had served as the basis for the film. (Also overlooked was the writer whose novel had served as the basis for the script—but that, of course, is traditional.) The matter might not have received public attention if Vincent Canby, in his report in *The New York Times*, had not omitted Lardner's name. "I just didn't see him," he ruefully said later, and added, "If I were a film writer, I don't think I would want a film I wrote to open at Cannes." To that he could just as well have appended "or anywhere." Writer neglect in the film world has become so common that Lillian Gerard, of the Museum of Modern Art Film Department, communicated her feelings about it to the *International Writers Guild Journal*: "The screenwriter these days is the forgotten man. At film festivals particularly he is sunk in oblivion, while the director is extolled, glamorized, and glorified, like some Greek god who can do no wrong."

Undoubtedly, a feverish director cult exists today—and has for a considerable period of time—and if it were simply a matter of a screenwriter's receiving his fair share of publicity and credit, the whole matter could be dismissed as an affair of vanity. But if an improper emphasis is being placed on the director's role, and if the misemphasis extends all the way to the banks, so to speak, then it is a matter of paramount importance. The film industry, at the moment, is in abysmal shape; the depression exists abroad as well as here. The neglect of writers, the failure to assess the relationship between prior word and present image, might well have had a good deal to do with the latest in a series of crises.

If this should be true (and I'm inclined to think it is), then those who write about films must share the blame. It would seem to be at least one of the duties of historians, estheticians, and critics to educate the moguls and the real estate operators (and, lately, the members of conglomerates) who manage the movie business. From the presses have come bloated volumes extolling the qualities and virtues of stars. My own bookshelves can no longer contain the innumerable studies of directors, and I've started stacking them in the hall closet. But I've yet to come across any full-fledged biographical or critical treatment of a film writer, unless he happens, fortunately, to be a director as well. Can it really be said that a Dudley Nichols or a Nunnally Johnson was the creation of John Ford? Or was it the other way around?

There is, of course, no easy answer to either question. The relationship of writer to film and, perhaps more important, of writer to director has never been sufficiently explored, one reason being that few people ever bother talking to writers. They're generally long gone by the time their films emerge from the cutting rooms. But the director is around and, like the proud papa displaying his baby for the first time, might be excused for implying that it was his doing all the way.

If films had managed to talk from the beginning, the situation might have been very different. But writers were not thought necessary in those first halcyon days of silent film exploration. Such crude stuff was hardly worth a writer's participation anyway. When it became clear to former fur salesmen and to nickelodeon operators that audiences liked their films to have stories, they did offer inducements of as much as $15 for outline scenarios. David Wark Griffith was enabled to enter film-making in this way. He furnished some of those early scenarios, as did Mary Pickford, before she became "America's sweetheart." In the silent days of cinema, estheticians, searching for art in montage and camera positioning, quite properly focused on the director as the artist. Nor could it be assumed that the titles flashed between the filmed segments represented literary art.

Even so, many writers were attracted to Hollywood during those golden days of the Twenties. Anita Loos was there, furnishing scripts for Douglas Fairbanks and for her director husband, William Emerson. Maurice Maeterlinck made the journey, as did Mary Roberts Rinehart, Elinor Glyn, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Few of the more literary writers were successful at silent film craftsmanship, however. Instead, an army of hacks furnished the bulk of the scenario constructions, and later, in the sound era, when screenwriters formed themselves into a guild, one type of credit was given for plot construction and another for dialogue.

When the arrival of sound sent the art of silent film into oblivion, film producers needed writers able to write dialogue fit to be spoken by actors who could speak. Hundreds of playwrights and authors were lured to the land of the golden sun, there to find themselves treated not as sovereigns of their creations but as employees. "When a writer works for a studio," wrote Leo Rosten in *Hollywood* (1941), "he becomes an *employee* engaged in

HOLLIS ALPERT has covered films for *SR* since 1950. He recently adapted Rebecca West's *The Birds Fall Down* for Avco-Embassy Pictures. STEPHEN KOCH is author of the novel *Night Watch* and a close observer of films and film critics. ARTHUR KNIGHT, another longtime *SR* film reviewer, teaches cinema at the University of Southern California and recently collaborated with photographer Eliot Elisofon on *The Hollywood Style*.

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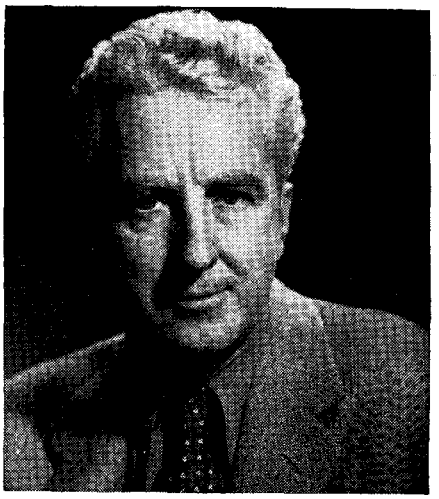
the manufacture of an extremely expensive commodity. The roots of the screenwriter's discontent lie in the very manner in which a writer works, in the continual rebuffs he endures in Hollywood, and in the position which he holds in the movie structure—a position for which, by temperament and experience, he is utterly unprepared."

The writer was expected to work office hours. He was given a cubicle in the aptly named "writers' block" of the studio. He was furnished a secretary. Since directors were employees, too, it was seldom that he met the director of his work. It was even rare for him to set foot on a sound stage. When William Faulkner was brought to Hollywood, he took one look at his assigned cubicle and said he preferred to work at home. To the consternation of the producer, he was finally tracked down in Oxford, Mississippi. Another writer was told by his producer that his script represented lazy, inept work. "But, Bill," the writer exclaimed, "I swear to you I was in that office from nine to five every day."

A cultural gap existed, too, between employee and employer. The film moguls were inclined to be suspicious of those effete literary people they hired. "The very purpose of Hollywood's producers," Rosten wrote, "is opposed to the basic motivation of writers. The producer asks, 'Will it make money?' The writer asks, 'Will it make sense?' The producer wants to gratify popular taste; the writer wants to improve it." To protect himself against a writer's idealism and literary honesty, the producer would have a script rewritten by several other writers. Sometimes he would hire three or four at once to work on the same story, each unknown to the other, then choose the one he thought most commercial. A famous plaint among Hollywood writers of the old days was: "They ruin your stories. They massacre your ideas. They prostitute your art. They trample on your pride. And what do you get for it? A fortune."

Some did make fortunes. In the darkest days of the Depression, several writers were earning in excess of $100,000 a year. Not as many as is popularly supposed. Perhaps a dozen in any one year. In 1938, according to Rosten, the average Hollywood screenwriter earned less than $500 weekly. Nor could employment be considered stable. A writer would talk over his idea with a producer, only to discover that another writer had been given the scenario assignment, with no payment for what became known as the great brain robbery.

When a guild (actually a "screenwriters' branch" of the Author's League) was at last formed in 1938, several of the more reprehensible studio practices were halted. However, the writer still had to contend with the Production Code, whose censors could scissor out anything deemed objectionable prior to the shooting of the script. And it was clear that the Director's Guild had more power when it was granted that final credit on the screen "Directed by . . ," thus establishing the director's pre-eminence.



—*Springer/Bettmann Film Archive*

Dudley Nichols—"literary recognition."

—*Michael Childers*

Penelope Gilliatt—"fancy talk."

Erich Segal—"multi-media operation."

However, a few writers did represent something of an elite in Hollywood before television cast its baneful shadow over the studios. Talented writers would team up with talented directors, and some of the results have become classics of the screen. Dudley Nichols wrote the scripts for John Ford's *Stagecoach* and *The Informer*. Robert Riskin wrote sparkling comedies for Frank Capra. Nunnally Johnson teamed with writer Billy Wilder, who turned to direction. Preston Sturges wrote screenplays for many years before, champing at the bit, he began directing his own writing efforts. Herman Mankiewicz wrote the script for *Citizen Kane*, a fact seldom noted in the histories. His younger brother Joseph was responsible for not only the writing but the directing of several of the most noteworthy American films.

In fact, by 1943, anthologist John Gassner was able to bring out a collection called *20 Best Film Plays* and, introducing them, make a claim that "there is now a literature of the screen." Adding a plea that screenplays be accorded the dignity of print, he wrote, "film writing already has substantial claims to literary recognition." Among scripts he felt had those claims were Robert Riskin's *It Happened One Night*, Robert E. Sherwood and Joan Harrison's *Rebecca*, and Dudley Nichols's *Stagecoach*. It may be noted that Gassner made little or no distinction between adaptations and "originals." Nor were the printed screenplays precisely the shooting scripts. They were "arranged" for reading, and, with all the cumbersome technical material eliminated, they still make good reading today. But whether final shooting scripts should be regarded as literature is still a dubious proposition. That some scripts have literary *quality* is undeniable.

"There was a period," Leonard Spigelgass remembered recently, "when things were going very well indeed for the writer. The work we did for certain directors, such as Capra, somehow zoomed the importance of the words to the movie. We were doing just great, and were actually being treated like people. Then television, and bang, it was all over. Writers were ditched in the ensuing panic."

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Actor Jon Voight with writer Charles Eastman—"primarily a film novelist."

And, it might be added, in the political panic. When Hollywood writers became the first victims of the Congressional witch hunts, the studios protested their purity with enough vehemence to satisfy a Spiro Agnew today. No radical-liberals they, and to prove it they instituted the infamous blacklist. Writers of the faintest of "red" taints found the studio gates locked to them. Several expatriated themselves to a more hospitable England. Some stayed in Hollywood by writing scripts under assumed names, usually with a "front" who got the screen credit. The insanity came to a head during one Academy Award ceremony when a certain Robert Rich was named to receive an Oscar. There was no such person, and a good part of Hollywood snickered knowingly. Robert Rich eventually turned out to be blacklisted Dalton Trumbo.

As if screenwriters didn't have enough trouble already, the "*auteur* theory" arose late in the Fifties to further plague them. First proposed by a then youthful film critic, François Truffaut, the theory had as its basis the notion that certain directors, although they had contributed not a whit to the writing preparation of a film, should be regarded as "film authors." The theory's novelty lay principally in its ascribing "authorship" not so much to European directors who, like Bergman and Fellini, were quite apparently authors of their films but to Americans who worked under very different studio conditions.

Its principal importer here was Andrew Sarris. In 1962, he laid down the ground rules for his followers, who by now are legion. "The first premise of the *auteur* theory," he wrote, "is the technical competence of a director as a criterion of value. . . . The second is the distinguishable personality of the director as a criterion of value. . . . The third and ultimate premise is concerned with interior meaning. . . . Interior meaning is extrapolated from the tension between a director's material and his personality." Around the same time the above was written, Truffaut, now a famous director, was sandbagging the theory in an interview for *Cahiers du Cinéma*: "The Americans had one inimitable quality: They knew, in each branch of their work, how to make what they did come alive. And often their scenarios were marvelous—everything already there . . . ready to be done without changing a thing."

But the repercussions of the theory, stemming from what were then avant-garde sources, have been large. Bad movies, by the application of the theory, were elevated into good movies. Mystiques arose. The written word became suspect. Directors became geniuses of Michelangelo-like stature. Film criticism had new vantage points. Some French critics elevated Jerry Lewis to *auteur* standing on a par with Federico Fellini. Once a director had accumulated enough assignments, his "body of work" could then be analyzed reverently for technical competence, distinguishable personality, and tension between the material (the script) and his personality; sometimes a retrospective showing followed. Directors could hardly be blamed for taking advantage of this new kind of publicity. With several commercial failures to his "credit," a director could up his price per picture to as high as half a million dollars.

Although the theory is still reflected virtually daily in newspaper and magazine film reviews, not all critics are its devotees. Penelope Gilliatt, formerly film critic for the London *Observer*, lately for *The New Yorker*, and a novelist and short story writer, has just had her original film script *Bloody Sunday* directed by the esteemed John Schlesinger. "The *auteur* theory is often fancy talk," she recently remarked. "One could say just as well that the *auteur* in some shots is the weather. If the director hasn't written the script, it seems rather winsome to call him the author. Who contributes what varies from film to film, and you have to know about the people and the way they work to be able to tell that." William Goldman, who wrote *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, put it even more succinctly: "If there's no script, there's no movie." Exceptions to that dictum, of course, are some of the recent *cinéma vérité* explorations, such as *Woodstock*, for which life fortuitously provides the script.

Published screenplays have proliferated during the past few years, and anyone wanting a library of such can accumulate examples ranging from Eisenstein's *Potemkin* (1925) to Fellini's *Satyricon* (1970). But the books, some hardcover, many paperback, do not represent a belated tribute to the screenwriting profession. Rather, they are again part of the cultish superstar-director fever. One editor said, "Frankly, we're publishing these books only because of the name of the director." The lists, indeed, are dominated by works of celebrated directors. There are "Modern Film Script" series and "Classic Film Script" series. But there have been surprising changes since the day when John Gassner brought out his anthology. He gave authorship credit only to those responsible for a script. The new volumes give the principal credit for authorship to the directors.

Thus, Simon and Schuster titles one of its volumes *Marcel Carné's Children of Paradise*, even though the scenario is the work of Jacques Prévert. In the same series are Kurosawa's *Ikiru*, Lean's *The Third Man*, and DeSica's *The Bicycle Thief*. Those who either wrote or collaborated on the scripts are relegated to the small print of the credits page. By the time we get to the screenplays of Ingmar Bergman, we have no problem. Bergman wrote all but one or two of the films he has directed. Although he doesn't ask for his screenplays to be regarded as literature, they prove him to be an excellent writer. The form he uses evokes for him—and, to an extent, for the reader—the film he proposes to make. He makes no bother about technical directions. They would simply clog his visualization of the film.

If screenwriting as an art and a craft were held in more esteem, Bergman might be more celebrated as writer than director. We might go so far as to say that he is one of the few writers able to translate his visions to the screen by directing. But, no, it is as director that we must customarily regard him, and it is in this capacity that he has so often been honored. Fellini is another case. Although he employs writing collaborators (some of Italy's best writers, by the way), his films are invariably Fellini-esque. No question here that he is the dominant force, the stylist, the film genius. His *Satyricon* (Ballantine Books) is a useful volume, containing as it does illustrations, the script of the finished film, and some alternate scenes that were filmed and later scrapped. It also contains Fellini's "treatment" and some explanatory essays. The book, as a result, informs us to a greater than usual degree of the creative steps leading to a final cut. But I have good reason to doubt that the published material is the same as that used by Fellini during filming. I happened to visit the set and took a look at the shooting script. It was fully three times longer than what appears in the book.

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From Grove Press's *Masculine-Feminine* we can get some idea of why Godard's work and his filming methods have so much appeal for young film buffs, many eager to express themselves by directing films. "The only working text Jean-Luc uses," an editorial note tells us, "is a large sketchbook with a blue cover in which he writes a whole series of notes. . . . This summary is his work plan. Dialogue written the night before or improvised on the spot eventually fills out the summary." I think I now understand why Godard and other French directors give the term "shooting" such reverent overtones. It appears to be that mystical state arrived at when the camera is loaded, the lights lit, and the actors supplied with their snippets of dialogue, in Godard's case, according to Jean Seberg of *Breathless*, dug out of his back pocket.

One is amazed to learn further that *Masculine-Feminine* started out as a film based on two de Maupassant short stories, but that Godard cast his sources aside in favor of his own instinctual inventions. "The text of the screenplay," the editor goes on, "is a meticulous description of the significant action and the actual dialogue in the completed film." The screenplay, in other words, came into being only after the film was finished. Several of these volumes, in fact, result from the work of a diligent scribe who spends weeks glued to a moviola, noting dialogue, setups, and camera angles, until he has finally compiled a "screenplay." Since critics are available everywhere to declare films made according to these methods are of the highest cinematic order, the off-the-cuff movie is exceedingly popular these days.

However, there is good reason to believe that what we might heretically call the well-written film is still alive and that its successes have at least partially made up for the industry's misplaced faith in musicals and motorcycles. Some of the best scripts of recent years were those for *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, and *Five Easy Pieces*. Totting up figures on my handy abacus, I find that film companies invested less than $15-million in the above films and that their combined net returns are already in excess of $100-million, with television earnings yet to come. Four of the films are out-and-out originals, and three were speculatively written, without a director or producer anywhere near.

But before writers rush in to tap this seemingly golden vein, we had better place some sobering facts before them—one being that, for every script filmed, there are hundreds that never see the light of a projector. And, according to Leonard Spigelgass, who recently compiled a handy book called *Who Wrote the Movie and What Else Did He Write?* for the Writers Guild of America, West: "Hollywood is a disaster area. The situation of the writer is desperate and compounded by a whole new group of people coming into the industry who are woefully ill-equipped for the complexities of film-making."

William Goldman—"no script, no movie."

But the urge to write for the film medium still rises in many a breast, for it is undeniably true that the word combined with the image makes for powerful communication. For certain fictional material the film medium is the best of all. William Goldman, for instance, thought of doing *Butch Cassidy* as a movie because, for him, "it was the only way of telling the story, and I felt no interest in doing a Western novel." Penelope Gilliatt became aware of an affinity between her fiction and film when she adapted one of her short stories for BBC-TV. Joseph Janni, producer, and John Schlesinger, director, interested her in doing an original directly for the screen, the result being *Bloody Sunday*. "Film-making can be terrifically interesting for a writer," she said. "Anyone with an instinct for casting and rehearsing and editing will want to go on working a long way beyond the script." However, she calls it "impractical and murderously punishing" for a writer to originate a full script unless he already has a realistic means of getting it made.

Entirely undiscouraged by the realistic situation was Charles Eastman, who tried his first script some nine years ago, and who received his first screen credit with *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* earlier this year. "I either wanted my scripts done properly or not at all," he has said. Luckily, his underground reputation in Hollywood grew, and his *The All-American Boy* is in its final stages, after having been directed by none other than Charles Eastman. "But I guess I regard myself primarily as a film novelist," he said.

Probably no writer has had a more astonishing experience than Erich Segal, a professor of classics at Yale, a playwright, and a screenwriter (*The Yellow Submarine*), who decided to write a screenplay based on a true story told him about one of his students who lost his wife to leukemia after she had supported him through graduate school. "I felt I was a screenwriter," he has explained, "and that film was not only the medium in which I felt most secure but the one best able to express the drama and emotions of the story. As a pompous professor, I would probably tell you that if Aristotle were writing a *Poetics* today he would say film is the highest art, for the same reasons he does say in his *Poetics* that theater is greater than epic—in a word, *opsis*, the visual."

Not everyone immediately visualized Segal's *Love Story* as a film. One who did, however, was an agent about to take a fling as producer. Armed with the script of *Love Story*, the agent-*cum*-producer, Howard Minsky, met with several turndowns from film companies, but Ali McGraw—catapulted to stardom in *Goodbye, Columbus*—loved it. And, with that additional *opsis*, Paramount Pictures became interested. A director was brought in, only to bow out on the ground that the story wasn't his cup of tea. Another director was engaged. Differences arose, as they say. Finally, Arthur Hiller took on the direction and brought the $2-million film to fruition. But, meanwhile—and it's an important meanwhile—Erich Segal took the suggestion of his producer to novelize the script. There was little interest among publishers until Harper & Row liked what it read. Now *Love Story* has the distinction of being the No. 1 best seller in both hardcover and paperback editions, and, with the film in release and a sound track album hitting the airwaves, Paramount has what amounts to a stupendous multi-media operation.

All this might seem to be pointing to the possibility that the day of the writer is at hand. In fact, Eastman regards the precarious state of the film industry as highly favorable for the talented film writer, since all other formulas, whether they involve stars or directors or "hot properties," have proved to be undependable and very often disastrous. And surely audiences, by now sated with flash-cuts and slow-motion gambols of two lovers through leaf and bough, would appear ready to welcome what writers above all can bring: significant stories designed to be told through the medium of film.

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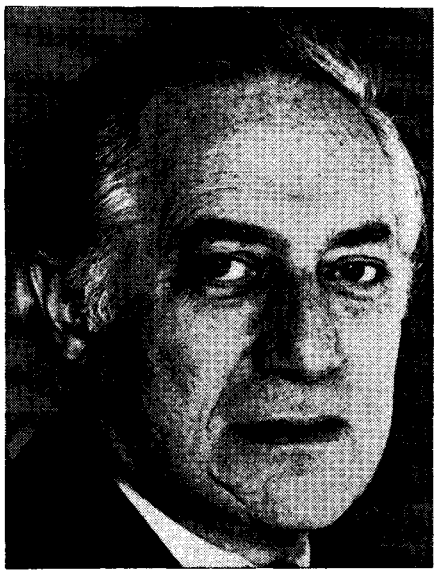
The Cruel, Cruel Critics

by STEPHEN KOCH

About six months ago, as movie and drama critic John Simon sat shining beneath the brilliant television lights of the *Dick Cavett Show*, he found himself speechless for I'm sure one of the rare moments in his life. A few minutes before, he had been expatiating (a little dully) upon how he judges works of art, sounding very measured and reasonable about it all. Suddenly, he was interrupted by a burst of passion. Another guest, Robert Blake, the remarkable star of *In Cold Blood* and *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*, turned on Simon with a rough, untelegenic snarl (I quote from memory): "What makes you a critic? Just tell me that? What makes you qualified to sit and pass judgment on other people's work? Have you ever been an actor? Have you ever directed anything? What do you know about it? What allows you to sit here saying this is good, this is bad? *Who are you*?"

The audience started to cheer. Blake twitched angrily in his chair, and Simon looked for a moment as if he had just been hit by a flying brick. Lamely, defensively, he began to recover. Well, yes, he had acted a little, had directed some. "Where? When? What?" Well, he'd acted in college, he'd been in charge of a production while he was in the Army. But this fumbling effort at self-defense was snapped short by Blake's dismissive snort of rage. Sweet revenge, and the audience loved it.



Stanley Kauffmann—"serious, literate."

Some great critics have been as much the artist as even Robert Blake might desire (think of Eisenstein and Shaw), but some have not. Critics of value have been by turns badly educated (Mencken was); badly motivated (Cocteau often was); and bad human beings. Getting a union card is tough and chancy; the values of erudition, intelligence, persistence, passion, and good writing get all mixed up and sometimes forgotten in the meaningless drama of luck—being in the right place at the right time—to leave Blake's very pertinent question unanswerable. There are brilliantly perceptive people who just can't write; there are those who can make words sing and play all over the page (they are editors' dreams) but who are about as perceptive as little blocks of wood. There are critics who are corrupt, greedy, stupid. There are critics who are not critics at all.

For one thing, the word critic is widely misused. A true critic is not necessarily a reviewer; a reviewer is not necessarily a critic—in fact, rarely is. Each has his rightful place, but they are really quite different breeds of cat. The reviewer is fundamentally a newsman, and the review is basically a piece of news, what the French would call an intellectual *fait divers*. He is temperamentally very different from the critic, who is really a kind of garden-variety philosopher. The reviewer's strong points are speed, topicality, wit, and fact. The critic publishes several months after the reviewer has forgotten what the movie was even about; his virtues are long meditation, a firm historical sense, profound insight, truth —even truth with a capital T. The two write in different ways, in different places, for different audiences. The critic's audience finds the reviewer flashy and cheap, the past master of the snap judgment. The reviewer's audience finds the critic dull and overly elaborate. They operate on different levels, they think in different ways, and they rarely get along very well. There is, of course, a shadow line between the two; the same person can sometimes do both jobs, sometimes even fuse the two activities—though even Shaw found that one tough. Generally, confusing the two creates only confusion.

And, of course, they have quite different kinds of influence, power. The reviewer's mass audience does not particularly want new critical ideas or deep commitment; it wants news, a little information, and a prediction—"Will we like it or not?" Judith Crist (in *New York* magazine, *TV Guide*, and on TV); Richard Schickel (at *Life*); Vincent Canby and Roger Greenspun (who, writing for *The New York Times*, may have critics' temperaments, but do have the *ne plus ultra* of reviewers' jobs); and the writers for *Time* and *Newsweek* (such as Jay Cocks and Paul Zimmerman) are people whose essential function is to give advice and give it in a hurry. The injustice of the system (for it is unjust; Blake was right to be mad) is quite simply that the nature of their jobs condemns them to snap and usually shallow judgments, and that for most moviegoers, these judgments are the only ones that matter. There are, of course, writers who try with varying success to speak less as reviewers than true critics—e.g., Stanley Kauffmann in *The New Republic*, Andrew Sarris in New York City's *Village Voice*, and Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker*—but their more carefully reasoned judgments are addressed to much smaller audiences, and they are not the ones who can fill theaters (if anyone can). There are critics, such as Susan Sontag, Manny Farber, Annette Michelson, and P. Adams Sitney, who almost never write reviews, and all their committed intelligence has no box-office influence at all. Then there are writers who neither think deeply nor give good advice, but who play an entirely different game: the Rex Reeds and John Simons of this world (along with a few hundred thousand chintzy TV "personalities") who are simply performers themselves, putting on their own sometimes entertaining but usually self-serving little show.

The reviewers are thus thought to

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be a very powerful crowd, people whose casual smiles or sneers can make or break. Are they? Or despite all those twisted, misquoted blurbs at the top of movie ads, do these self-appointed emperors and empresses of opinion perhaps parade in the nude before a self-deluded public of artists, producers, and moviegoers? Opinion is mixed, and nobody seems to really know. The critics have enormous influence, as one editor put it to me succinctly, "when they do." And sometimes all the critics' horses and all the critics' men can't put anything together at all. Unlike the audience of the Broadway theater, where what the critics say is indeed the name of the game, the movie public is fortunately still large and diverse enough to follow its own tastes. These tastes may often be lamentable, but it is still true that a movie like *Airport* can do business in the many tens of millions of dollars despite almost unanimously patronizing reviews and despite what even a Judith Crist or a Richard Schickel may think, to say nothing of an Andrew Sarris.

Andrew Sarris—"wrote as a partisan."

Judith Crist—"cute, even flashy."

This seems to me to say little more than that the audience for *Airport* —an old-style "entertainment" picture par excellence, little as I was entertained by it—is simply not the audience for reviews. What is the audience for reviews? There is a small group of people (though perhaps larger than is usually imagined) who take their moviegoing very seriously indeed, for whom what they see on Saturday night is an act of intelligence, and who are going to see a work by Bernardo Bertolucci or Straub or Marcel Hanoun whether the "critics" say they should or not. And there is an audience—a vast though diminishing audience—that is going to troop off to see *Airport* or the latest John Wayne picture without paying the smallest attention to any critic in the business. It's an irony, as they say: The most and the least self-aware branches of the film audience are unaffected by reviews; neither the highbrows nor the lowbrows could care less. It is only with the slightly perplexed middlebrow that the critics have what they call their clout.

And even among the middlebrows there is some doubt. One of the most intelligent and sophisticated young men in film publicity put it bluntly: "Generally speaking, there is no critic with any particular power at all." What's mistaken for power is in fact merely a good guess about what the public is going to decide to like all on its own. All the foolish dismissive sneers in the world didn't keep *2001* from imprinting itself on the minds of almost every serious moviegoer in America. He pointed out that Judith Crist, whom people in "the Industry" take to be the biggest power broker of all, was last year unable to save *Oh What a Lovely War* from disaster at the box office, even with repeated plugs, even on the most massive of media, even in the most absurdly laudatory of terms. "Of course," he added, with a quiver of doubt, "there *is* majority rule"—particularly when it comes to business in New York City (which is usually where the rolling stone of reputation starts rolling). "When all of them get together, something happens." He cited the virtually unanimous critical praise for *Five Easy Pieces* and, on a somewhat lesser scale, for *Diary of a Mad Housewife* as examples of how multiple breezes of good opinion blowing through the public prints can make a difference. Yet, those two films have a certain hip, mid-cult appeal that was bound to reach its audience. Equally laudatory and unanimous treatment of Robert Bresson's vastly superior—and vastly more demanding—masterpiece *Au Hasard Balthazar* got exactly nowhere, and that great film has yet to get major release, even in New York City. In the case of *Five Easy Pieces*, the critics merely agreed with what the audience was certain to feel; in the case of *Balthazar*, the "critics" had to lead the audience to a new experience of what art could be. And that was exactly what they were unable to do.

Everyone seems to agree that at the very best the critics more or less respectably call attention to what the public—*any* public, wherever their brows may be—may happen to like. But what really determines cinematic success (thank God) is still word of mouth, that complex chain of infectious enthusiasm from people who have no vested interest at all, except pleasure. At best, the "critics" are merely advance publicists (hopefully not on the payroll) for something that will or will not take off on its own.

This is where my carefully drawn distinction between critic and reviewer really comes into play. There seems little doubt that reviewers are indeed newsmen, and that they report as much on the mood of the audience as they do on the movie itself. In his journalistic format, the reviewer is giving "just the facts" about the general feeling of both public and picture, and a "successful" rave is the simple announcement that both agree. An "unsuccessful" review misses the boat on one or both, and it may do so for good reasons or bad. But only the true critic—patiently arguing, pointing out what has never been seen before, showing how what seemed at first irritating or bewildering can be gratifying—really changes people's minds, slowly, painfully, but changes them. Coming forward with the most prestigious of reviewers' endorsements, François Truffaut's *The Wild Child* has done very badly. Even the critics' all-time favorite, Ingmar Bergman, has not had a full-scale American commercial success in many, many years. Critics, at best, can call attention to such works as the virtually unknown masterpiece *Springtime* by Marcel Hanoun. It is the kind of work that people must be led to. Merely pointing at it is not enough.

Considering the critics as writers, as performers themselves: Mrs. Crist's cute, even flashy journalism is something I've followed with mixed feelings for years, though certainly never with any problem about attention. It is perhaps a commentary on the nature of journalism itself that when I went through her collected reviews (*The Private Eye, the Cowboy, and the Very Naked Girl*) for the purposes of this article, I literally could not keep my eyes on the page—the fly on the ceiling seemed more interesting. There is no news in old news, and in Mrs. Crist's case (she is certainly a *very* competent journalist) that means that after six months nothing remains at all. Rex Reed, on the other hand, does remain

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rather amusing: He is as competent a journalist as Mrs. Crist, but has somewhat more staying power. What bewilders me is: a) that he is mistaken for a critic on any level, or of any description (obviously, he is totally uninterested in movies; he *is* interested in Fame, a very different subject, upon which he is indeed an expert); and b) that he has been touted as a "tough" interviewer. On the contrary, he is an amazing sucker for the movie star's song and dance—but then he is himself a movie star (lots of luck)—and, unlike Hedda Hopper, a truly sophisticated, gracious, intelligent, and entertaining sycophant. John Simon, conversely, aspires to Fame without ever quite digging his vampire-like teeth into her loveless thigh. Simon is a well-educated man—he is, I suppose, the best-educated general reviewer of film in the business—though he also writes for perhaps the smallest publication, *The New Leader*. I can think of nobody else so well-educated who would consent to appear on television in order to merely insult that poor little rich girl Jacqueline Susann, the eminently insultable. Certainly, Mrs. Crist would have considered it beneath her dignity, and rightly so. But Mr. Simon is the champion of insult, someone whose career pivots very simply on the esthetic of the nasty remark. Nasty remarks can be amusing—obviously, I rather enjoy them myself sometimes —but the limits of their heat should be, as it were, the kitchen. I'll bitch with the best of the bitches (Simon and Reed are among the best); what sickens me about their so-called scathing criticism is the shallowness of their attack on artists whose work represents months and years of work.

Where then are our serious critics? Among the regular reviewers and excluding *SR*'s own writers, I can locate only three even remote contenders, my favorite of whom is Stanley Kauffmann, not so much because I always agree with him (I frequently do not), but because his work seems to me almost invariably committed, serious, literate, and objective, at least insofar as any reviewer can hope it to be. He is the only reviewer whose work holds my attention in book form, and I've gone through his *World on Film* from review to review of those works I think of as the litmus tests of seriousness, actually stopping to think, actually finding my own thoughts on the subject modified by what is said there, even now. There is no other reviewer writing of whom the same seems to me to be true. I'm aware that Kauffmann is sometimes attacked for failing to be a truly cinematic critic, for lacking a full sympathy for the medium itself. I am to some degree in sympathy with these criticisms; certainly, Kauffmann is a much more perceptive critic of actors than he is of directors. (It is a deep indictment of the American theater that Kauffmann is no longer theater critic for *The New York Times*. He was quite literally too good for the American theater.) But even with this reservation, I wish all our reviewers were as "bad" critics of directors as Stanley Kauffmann.

Andrew Sarris, on the other hand, has never been thought of as anything but a director's critic. I find this reputation somewhat misleading. Sarris began his remarkable career in 1955, writing for Jonas Mekas's *Film Culture*—the journal of independent (or so-called underground) cinema, perhaps the most interesting and challenging single publication devoted to film published in this country. Sarris then moved on to the *Village Voice*, carrying with him a point of view reluctantly borrowed from the French, specifically from the film magazine *Cahiers du Cinéma*, which propounded around 1955 a so-called *politique des auteurs*, an effort on the part of the men who later set in motion the New Wave to redefine French taste, particularly in favor of Hollywood films of the Thirties and Forties. Auteurism, by the way, is sometimes referred to as the "*auteur* theory," which strikes me as a mistake. It is not a theory, it is a list—a list of people whom the critics at *Cahiers* found it refreshing to bring themselves to admire: Hitchcock, Renoir, Rossellini, Ford, Hawks, Nicholas Ray. The list has gone through various fluctuations at various times, but it has usually tended to emphasize American commercial film-makers at the expense of Europeans who had developed strong critical reputations. Sarris was particularly attracted to this dimension of the *politique*. In a somewhat celebrated passage written in 1962, he wrote: "I am now prepared to stake my critical reputation, such as it is, on the proposition that Alfred Hitchcock is artistically superior to Robert Bresson by every criterion of excellence and, further, that film for film, director for director, the American cinema has been consistently superior to that of the rest of the world from 1915-1962." Now, it is difficult to imagine a more dubious piece of chauvinism than this one, but let's grant that it was picked up from the French as a kind of corrective thrust against the neurosis that has infected the question of cultural self-esteem in America ever since James Russell Lowell wrote his famous essay *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. (Without denying the importance of the problem, I think that forty years ago Virginia Woolf was, in similar, though literary, circumstances, quite right in playing off that title by referring to *A Certain Touchiness in Americans*.) In that case it may have a certain therapeutic value. Therapy may be liberation, but it is not truth.

—*Terry Stevenson*

Pauline Kael—"squarely in the center."

And yet there is something heroic about Sarris's career as the critic of the *Village Voice*. Although the reviews he did there (now collected in *Confessions of a Cultist*) suffer from the same debilitation of texture that I've spoken of as afflicting all reviewing, he seems to have been the only critic of the Sixties who wrote as a partisan, who was fighting the good fight for an almost coherent—albeit unoriginal—overall idea of what movies are, have been, and ought to be. It was an idea that has had at various times a certain real force. But it was always a tactical idea, an episode in the history of taste. What seems plain now is that that episode is over, and auteurism seems an idea whose time has both come and gone. It is difficult to imagine how anyone could now accept it as tonic or corrective; one has the impression not even Sarris does.

Pauline Kael never did. Back in the old days, I remember being sort of on Sarris's side when Miss Kael leveled a long-sustained attack against the Sarris essay I have just quoted. Now, her essay (included in *I Lost It at the Movies*) seems to score rather heavily against his (included in the recently published, and very useful, *Film Culture Reader*). And yet it is essentially a rather conservative essay, and faintly distasteful. Sarris's partisanship, she argued in one of her weakest points, was being merely chic—which was certainly not the case. I would argue that Miss Kael has been so eclectic as to

(*Continued on page* 51)

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A Flood of Film Books

by ARTHUR KNIGHT

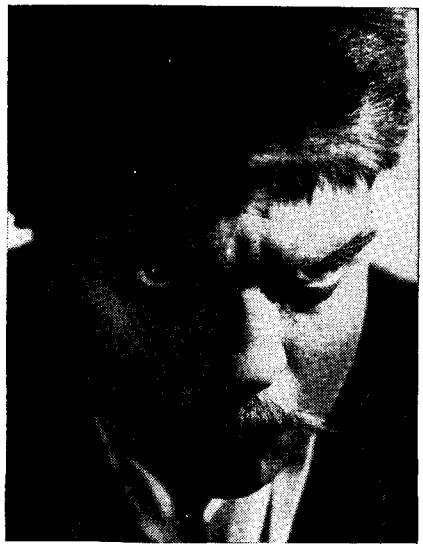
It is a curious paradox, but at a time when people seem to be going to the movies less, they seem to be reading about them more. Certainly, there are more books on film available now than ever before. According to Dr. Robert L. Knutson, who heads the Department of Special Collections at the University of Southern California's Doheny Library: "There have been more film books published in the past two or three years than in the whole previous twenty years put together." A visit to any fair-sized bookstore would tend to confirm this. The cinema shelves are not only crowded, they are also notably miscellaneous. Nor does the pace seem to be slackening. Publishers such as Barnes, Doubleday, Praeger, and the University of Indiana Press, each of which has launched its own cinema series of personality monographs and genre studies, already have announced forthcoming titles for 1971.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one about so many of these movie books is that they aren't books at all, but tape recordings that have been transcribed (with varying degrees of success) into book form. Kevin Brownlow used this technique to superb effect in his nostalgia-packed *The Parade's Gone By . . .* (Knopf, 1968), and its enthusiastic reception probably touched off the rash of similar efforts that broke out in its wake. But Brownlow not only made his interviews vivid and alive by describing the circumstances of his "visits," and by writing them into a semblance of normal conversation; he also had a mania for facts, and his book is studded with footnotes that sometimes supplement, sometimes correct the information supplied by his informants.

No such passion for accuracy defaces the lower margins of either *Directors at Work*, edited by Bernard R. Kantor, Irwin R. Blacker, and Anne Kramer (Funk & Wagnalls, 1970), or Bernard Rosenberg and Harry Silverstein's *The Real Tinsel* (Macmillan, 1970), although, ironically, all five hail from the groves of Academe. The former, on the faculty of USC's Cinema Department, have simply interviewed (from the unfortunate jacket blurb) "ten of the greatest directors in American motion pictures"—Richard Brooks, Stanley Kramer, Jerry Lewis, and Elliot Silverstein among them — and played back their tape recorders, complete with the "ah's," "er's," and "yes, but's" of the recorded replies. The questions are generally intelligent; the replies often reveal in considerable depth the concerns, motivations, and techniques of the directors involved. But one feels, at least in a book, that the irrelevancies, tangentials, and chitchat should be pruned away. After all, a book is *not* a TV talk show.

The editors of *The Real Tinsel* have adopted another form. They have, in fact, transformed each taped interview into an article by editing out the questions, then sending the results to their interviewees for approval and correction. While some of the articles are quite fascinating—such as Sol Lesser's recollections of his entry into the business immediately after the San Francisco earthquake and Joe Rock's incredible account of the risks that the early film comics took for granted as part of their "make 'em laugh" routines—there is also the danger that, without additional research, many old discredited movie myths might be perpetuated.

Conversations (Kaleidoscope Press, 1969) offers a welcome diversion in that its editor, Don Shay, is more interested in stars than in directors, producers, or technicians. Although he follows the question-and-answer routine, the answers have a compression that reveals a strong editorial hand at work. While some of Shay's choices of interviewees—Peter Falk, Buster Crabbe, Edward G. Robinson—suggest that his targets were often less a matter of choice than of opportunity, his sessions with Gregory Peck and Charlton Heston come off with a degree of revelation that sets them quite apart from, say, Edwin Miller's *Seventeen Interviews with Film Stars and Superstars* (Macmillan, 1970) or Rex Reed's *Conversations in the Raw* (World, 1969). Reed, of course, is expert at the interview that cuts its subject down to size. The significant thing about Miller's book is that, after a quarter of a century of doing what are, both in fact and in effect, fan magazine pieces for *Seventeen* magazine, a major publishing house has seen fit to enclose the last ten years of them in hard covers.



—*Bettmann Archive*

Orson Welles—"aloof from the project."

If Reed and Miller have compiled their books out of old magazine files, so, too, have such eminent critics as Pauline Kael (*Going Steady*, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1970), Andrew Sarris (*Confessions of a Cultist*, Simon & Schuster, 1970), and Herman G. Weinberg (*Saint Cinema*, Drama Book Specialists, 1970). The difference, I suppose, lies in your reaction to the individual critics. Most magazine pieces are written for the moment—"fugitive pieces," we call them. It takes a hardy fugitive to withstand the ravages of time, and Weinberg's book, incorporating "selected writings" from 1929 to the present, probably suffers the most. We see, or perhaps recollect, his collection of old movies through the eyes of today; and all of Weinberg's *recherché* quotes and literary allusions only make them seem even more remote.

On the other hand, the mere fact that Pauline Kael's "fugitive" "Trash, Art, and the Movies" (originally published

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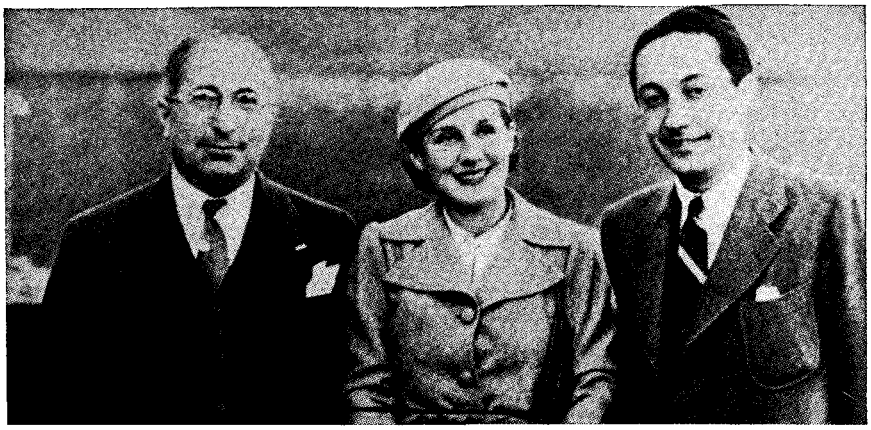
Henry, Jane, and Peter Fonda—"an immediate account, and the escape from the tape recorder is much appreciated."



Irving Thalberg (right) with Louis B. Mayer and Norma Shearer—a biography "with an insider's awareness of the motion picture industry."

in *Harper's*) and her two brilliantly interpretive reviews of Godard's *La Chinoise* and *Weekend* (originally published in *The New Yorker*) have been preserved in book form I regard as a great asset. Miss Kael, always argumentative and invariably personal, accomplishes the task that seems to me basic to all criticism: She forges a bridge between the viewer and the film he is looking at. Sarris, no less argumentative and almost as personal, is far more committed to a theory of film, and while it is always an advantage to know in advance the special prism that has been selected for any particular viewing, the Sarris prism is often so special that at the end of one of his critiques you wonder if you and he have been looking at the same movie.

For some sort of balance, *Films 69/70* (Simon & Schuster, 1970) brings together a cross section of the writings of a dozen or more critics of the National Society of Film Critics, all working for national circulation magazines. In several instances, the same picture is reviewed by more than one critic—and the differences of opinion are rewarding in themselves. Only in Nazi Germany, and then by official ukase, was there ever a critical unanimity.

For a deep view of the German cinema in the pre-Hitler era, there is Lotte H. Eisner's scholarly and fascinating *The Haunted Screen* (University of California, 1969). Mme. Eisner, curator of the famed Cinémathèque Française, not only foreshadows the Hitler era with her in-depth analyses of the German films of the Twenties, but also reveals how the mechanisms of the motion picture psychologically prepared an audience to accept its own fate. In a disturbing parallel, Barbara Deming accomplishes much the same feat with *Running Away from Myself* (Grossman, 1969), a study of American myths and dreams fed to her countrymen by the films of the Forties. An analyst of movies for the Library of Congress from 1942 to 1944, Miss Deming originally set out to assay the effectiveness of the political content of American movies during that period. On reflection, almost a quarter of a century later, she has turned her assessment into a biting commentary on the way our pictures have affected not only the world outside but us ourselves.

What Barbara Deming accomplishes on a sociological level, Parker Tyler reiterates psychologically in *Sex, Psyche, Etcetera in the Film* (Horizon, 1969). Again, it is a work compiled from at least a dozen magazine pieces that appeared in publications as varied as *Dance Perspective* and *The New Politics,* but there is a unity of viewpoint that molds the books into a persuasive whole. Though Miss Deming was looking backward toward the films of our past, Tyler looks resolutely at the "now" movies of Warhol and Fellini, and *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, explaining in his own recondite way what they have to tell us about ourselves. (It is no coincidence that Simon & Schuster has recently reissued Tyler's *Hollywood Hallucinations* and *Magic and Myth of the Movies,* originally published in the early Forties. Both books look at the movies of their day as part of a living legend being woven before our very eyes.)

Perhaps here is where the numerous new monographs should come in. Jim Kitses, now a research fellow and teacher at the Center for Advanced Film Studies of the American Film Institute, offers a fascinating, impeccably researched study of the contemporary Western genre (*Horizons West,* University of Indiana, 1969), concentrating on such *auteurs* as Anthony Mann, Budd Boetticher, and Sam Peckinpah. To his credit, Kitses neither undermines nor aggrandizes his subjects. Modestly, he sees his work as "building the bridges, and furthering the dialogue, that our criticism so urgently needs."

Not all *auteur* protagonists are quite so modest. There have been two books on Fritz Lang in the past two years: Paul M. Jensen's *The Cinema of Fritz Lang* (Barnes, 1969) and Peter Bogdanovich's *Fritz Lang in America* (Praeger, 1969), both of which insist that the great man could do no wrong (despite *You and Me,* despite *Secret Beyond the Door*). Bogdanovich covers himself by quoting directly from Lang himself throughout his text; but Jensen, seeking to analyze the films, often comes up with such unhappy constructions as (re: *Secret Beyond the Door*) "the settings and individual details that Lang selects for his films are often 'felicitous,' and though this should be true for any good director, it is in this case a remnant of Lang's Germanic expressionism." Axel Madsen, in *Billy Wilder* (University of Indiana, 1969), has probably managed the best balance. Although he calls Wilder "the screen's equivalent of Guy de Maupassant" and adds that his films "usually bring their points home with minimum pontification and maximum intelligence per square inch of film," he does go on to stress Wilder's basic fear at a premiere: "It's just another picture, of course. I'll be on the bottom half of a double bill soon."

No such doubts surround Charles

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Higham's *The Films of Orson Welles* (University of California, 1970). Higham followed Welles's own technique in constructing both *Citizen Kane* and *Mr. Arkadin*: He interviewed everyone who knew the man except the man himself. (Welles already was committed to a forthcoming book by Bogdanovich, and remained aloof from Higham's project.) Higham did everything possible under the circumstances. He viewed all the films—including whatever remained of Welles's ill-fated South American venture, *It's All True*. He talked with everyone who would talk with him. He checked and cross-checked his facts. But no sooner had the book appeared (a major effort) than Bogdanovich attacked him in *The New York Times* and Richard Wilson, a close associate of Welles's, did the same in the British *Sight and Sound*. Both complained that Higham stressed Welles's profligacy with company budgets, saying that this was the sort of thing that has kept Welles unemployable, except as an actor, all these years. Be that as it may—and it is too bad that Welles at the time of writing would neither confirm nor deny Higham's findings—this is as complete and detailed an account (and, Bogdanovich and Wilson notwithstanding, sympathetic as well) of an incomplete artist as has ever appeared.

The trouble with books of this sort, based more on the tape-recorded interview than on any relentless digging through files, is that we never come to the dramatic confrontation. It would be fascinating to hear Robert Wise's version of what really happened on *The Magnificent Ambersons*, Norman Foster's on *Journey into Fear*, Herbert Yates's (too late now) on *Macbeth*. But research these days too often takes the form of the recorded interview, the unchallenged recollection—a *Rashomon* in which everyone gives his own, face-saving "truth" of how it really happened. I have the feeling that, in the years ahead, film history will become more difficult to write, not easier. The depositions of the greats, near-greats, and also-rans that are offered as "oral histories" may be accepted as facts, and those facts recorded in the news media—particularly the film "trades"—merely as hearsay. We may soon be lost entirely.

It is for this reason that such a book as David Robinson's *Buster Keaton* (University of Indiana, 1969) is such a treasure. Robinson not only loves Keaton; he recites the incidents in each Keaton film in a manner that evokes the merriment of every reader. Keaton was, after Chaplin, our greatest comic, and Robinson not only tells us why, he makes us *see* why. Similarly, John Springer, in his enthusiastic account of *The Fondas* (Citadel, 1970), has an affection not only for Henry *père* but for Jane and Peter as well. It is an honest, immediate, firsthand account—and the escape from the tape recorder (plus his abundance of evocative stills) is much appreciated.

This still leaves such well-researched and eminently readable biographies as Bob Thomas's *Thalberg* (Doubleday, 1969) and *Selznick* (Doubleday, 1970), both of which illuminate their subjects with an insider's awareness of the motion picture industry in which they functioned; or, for that matter, Robert M. Henderson's scrupulously researched but somewhat less readable *D. W. Griffith: The Years at Biograph* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1970)—a book obviously aimed at the movie buff or the film historian. There remains also the higher than average quotient of movie star autobiographies, such as Joan Bennett's, Shirley MacLaine's, and Pola Negri's, and veteran producer Herbert Wilcox's *Twenty-five Thousand Sunsets* (Barnes, 1969), a somewhat gushy but intimate account of the highs and lows of the British industry. And then we have Jack Vizzard's chatty revelations of his life as a censor for the Production Code Administration, *See No Evil* (Simon & Schuster, 1970). Literally no aspect of the industry remains uncovered.

Specifically for the film student, however, Lewis Jacobs, whose *Rise of the American Film* remains after thirty years the basic work in this field, has edited two volumes of inestimable value and particularly for the growing number of motion picture appreciation courses. *The Emergence of Film Art* (Hopkinson & Blake, 1969) traces through authoritative, generally contemporary articles the international history of the medium; *The Movies as Medium* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1970) uses a similar method—including pithy quotes from directors—to explain the nature of film art. No less valuable, although certainly more special, is Jay Leyda's editing of *Film Essays by Sergei Eisenstein* (Praeger, 1970), writings that are, in this instance, considerably more direct and accessible than in Eisenstein's earlier *Film Form* and *Film Sense* (both of which have been reissued in paperback format by Harcourt, Brace).

For those film buffs who really want to know, there are now several fascinating volumes. If you want to know who produced, directed, or starred in a picture, Paul Michael's *The American Movies Reference Book* (Prentice-Hall, 1969) may be just what you need. On the other hand, if your tastes are international in scope, the definitive book is Leslie Halliwell's eminently readable and extraordinarily accurate *The Filmgoer's Companion* (Hill & Wang, 1970). First published in 1965 by a London film buff, it has now grown, in its third edition, from 469 pages to 1,072 and offers, in addition to well-characterized biographical details, brief, informative essays on such subjects as gangsters, musicals, and title changes. With each edition, it grows more indispensable.

It is tempting to philosophize about all of this. Why has *The New York Times* chosen *now* to reprint in five volumes (at $395) all of its film reviews? Why is the American Film Institute currently preparing, in a projected nineteen volumes, casts, credits, and synopses of *every* American film ever released? One can only assume that as the audience for pictures slims down, it is also growing more passionate, more concerned, more involved in the medium itself. Certainly, out of that concern, the publishers of film books are today reaping a rich harvest.

Billy Wilder and associates—"the screen's equivalent of Guy de Maupassant."

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The Case for Hope

The beginning of a new year is a time for speculating on grounds for hope.

"It is too easy," Teilhard de Chardin once said, "to find excuses for inaction by pleading the decadence of civilization, or even the imminent end of the world. This defeatism, whether it be innate or acquired or a mere affectation, seems to me the besetting temptation of our time. Defeatism is invariably unhealthy and impotent; can we also prove it is unjustified? I think so."

Teilhard wrote these words a generation ago, in the middle of a great war when the spirits of millions of people were being unraveled by unending despair. Men spoke only dimly about the chances of putting their world together.

Again, today, most of the bulging facts are with the pessimists. A mood of hopelessness lies like an incubus over the land. The war in Indochina grinds on. An entire generation of Vietnamese has known nothing but authorized killing and devastation. Attempts to negotiate an end to the war have been in a condition of sputter and stall for more than two years. Meanwhile, the war spreads to Cambodia and is intensifying in Laos. The chairman of the highest legislative committee in the United States raises doubts whether the American military genuinely wishes to end the war and, indeed, whether the making of foreign policy is still primarily in the hands of the President and his State Department officers.

Not just in the United States but throughout the world, a large part of the energies and resources of mankind is being absorbed by devices of slaughter and holocaust. Nothing that men make is in greater abundance today than destructive force. There are no stockpiles of food or medicines or books that can compare in sheer volume with the accumulation of force primed for instant use. Mammoth launching stations abound for hurling explosives across oceans—explosives that can expunge millions of lives.

The evidence is strong that human society is in a stage of comprehensive breakdown. Life is no longer the highest value. Sensitivity to suffering and indignity is being dulled. People adjust all too easily to violence, major and minor. The humiliation and indignity of poverty no longer ignite resentment. The need for social justice fails to galvanize. Millions of young people and increasing numbers of older people find it necessary to subject their brain cells to the twisting powers of drugs. The large cities are no longer workable and are rapidly on the way to becoming unlivable. The basic ingredients of nature that sustain life are being despoiled. Breathable air and drinkable water are no longer in infinite supply.

Nothing, however, is more grimly characteristic of a depleted age than the fact that man's finest minds are not being trained on his biggest problems. Brains are being honed and mobilized on the largest scale for purposes connected to confrontation or destruction. No comparable mobilization of human intellect and conscience is occurring on the level of man's greatest needs.

This is only a partial inventory of folly and senselessness. What can be juxtaposed against it? What is the basis for hope?

The case for hope has never rested on provable facts or rational assessment. Hope by its very nature is independent of the apparatus of logic. What gives hope its power is not the accumulation of demonstrable fact but the release of human energies generated by the longing for something better. The capacity for hope is the greatest fact in life. Hope is the beginning of plans. It gives men a destination, a sense of direction for getting there, and the energy to get started. It enlarges sensitivities. It gives proper values to feelings as well as to facts.

The case for hope, therefore, rests on the phenomenon of hope. What holds men back today is not the pressure of realities but the absence of dreams. If the dreams are good enough, no realities can stand against them. It was man's imagination far more than his science that sent him to the moon. Human uniqueness is represented by man's ability to disprove elaborate theories about the impossible.

What is needed first of all, therefore, is a rekindling of the human imagination—about life as man might like it, about the full uses of his intelligence to bring sanity and sensitivity to his world and to his art, about the importance of the individual, about his capacity for creating new institutions, discovering new approaches, sensing new possibilities.

Hope, however, cannot be created on command. Men in a condition of despair cannot be ordered to generate glorious dreams. But men can be encouraged to rediscover themselves. They can be given confidence in the naturalness of their visions and in the reach of mind. It is what man has to bring to a crisis and not the crisis itself that governs his prospects.

Human default or degradation can reach a point, of course, where even the most stirring visions lose their regenerating or radiating power. This point, some will say, has already been reached. Not true. It will be reached only when men are no longer capable of calling out to one another, when the words in their poetry break up before their eyes, when their faces are frozen toward their young, and when they fail to make pictures in the mind out of clouds racing across the sky. So long as men can do these things, they can be capable of indignation about the things they should be indignant about; they can be audible about the things they should be talking about, and they can shape their society in a way that does justice to their hopes.

—N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

Tomorrow's Elders

WHILE I AM in agreement with Harvey Wheeler in his "The Rise of the Elders" [*SR*, Dec. 5] that we can merely speculate on how history might fare in the hands of today's youth, my speculations are quite different from his. There may well be some "retirement communes peopled by centenarian long-hairs, each one with guitar in hand, beaded, fringed, and bathed in strobe light." But I would speculate that, in addition to this small group, we would see a much larger group that practices (instead of preaches) the Golden Rule, people who care for each other more than they care for material goods, a society where liberty and justice are truly for all, and a society working continuously to improve itself.

MRS. SAMUEL COLE,
Corvallis, Ore.

IF IT WEREN'T for its prominent place in *SR*'s issue of December 5, I would have considered Harvey Wheeler's article to have been composed with tongue in cheek. If Mr. Wheeler is serious, the view presented seems overly optimistic.

The first goal of most gerontologists is not extension of the human life-span to 120 years but rather to reduce the suffering and misery attendant to the terminal years of the present life-span. This objective means eradicating the heart attacks, strokes, and other catastrophic events associated with degenerative vascular disease, as well as diabetes, cancer, and the mental deterioration of the aged—to mention the most common problems.

To indulge in the semantics of relating aging to death as a disease "but an incurable one" obscures some problems not considered by Wheeler. Many gerontologists and most other medical scientists regard the disorders listed above (with the possible exception of mental deterioration) as casually, rather than causally, related to aging. However, there is now considerable evidence to support a causal relationship, but this involves an autoimmunization theory of aging not considered in the article. Alex Comfort, cited by Wheeler, believes that it is largely in relation to this theory, which provides a direct link between aging and disease, that it might be possible to retard the onset of these diseases and possibly even to retard some of them completely out of the life-span.

Concepts and hypotheses dictate strategy, and unfortunately the dominant strategy today is to attack these diseases individually. On the other hand, the statistical fact is that, even if such a piecemeal strategy were successful in eradicating cardiovascular disease and cancer, the average life expectancy of man would be extended by only about five to seven years from its present sixty-eight to seventy. The alternative strategy of searching for those basic biologic aging processes that may be common to all of these diseases, which constitutes the basis for Comfort's suggestion, attracts little support.

HERMAN T. BLUMENTHAL, PH.D., M.D.,
Research Professor of Gerontology,
Washington University,
St. Louis, Mo.

HARVEY WHEELER'S recent article is surely a glorious satire. Jonathan Swift never did better.

MARIAN R. DOUGLAS,
Chagrin Falls, O.

Title Titillation

COULD NOT the title of Francis Picabia's painting *Edtaonisl*, mentioned by Katharine Kuh in "Metaphysical Nose-Thumber" [THE FINE ARTS, Nov. 21], be read as an anagram for *"Toile de Danse"* or *"Toile Dansant"* (recycling some of the letters)? Or, more likely, it might mean *"L'Étoile dans le toile"* ("The star in the canvas")—a title as concentrated, economical, and suggestive of radiant energy as the painting itself.

EDITH COHEN,
Delmar, N.Y.

Due Credit

I READ WITH INTEREST Margaret R. Weiss's article "Ceiling on the Wall" [*SR*, Dec. 5]. As one who had a very small part in helping to bring the exhibition to the New York Cultural Center, I should like to see credit given where credit is due. I refer to the fact that the whole grand idea was conceived and carried forward by Mr. Huntington Hartford. I am sure both Messrs. Karshan and Fruchtman will acknowledge Mr. Hartford's role in bringing the magnificence of Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel to the New York museum-going public.

HOWARD SCHNEIDER,
Great Neck, N.Y.

Ironing Bored

RE: "Ironing" by John Ferris [PHOENIX NEST, Nov. 21]. It is perfectly obvious that Mr. Ferris knows little or nothing of women and ironing. The only singing I have ever done in connection with ironing was when it was finished. I personally do not know any women who enjoy ironing enough to sing while doing it.

Television was invented to relieve women from the tedium of this deadly chore. "Ironing television" is a category most women will instantly recognize. It need be only sufficiently distracting to pass the time while ironing, but not so distracting as to stop the performance of the task. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it, that kind of television is always available, day or night.

I have been ironing since I was thirteen years old when I was forced to take the job away from my mother because she ironed the wrinkles in. She didn't sing, either.

MAYBELLE MANN,
New York, N.Y.

"Where's my lost youth? Someone will have to answer for this!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Family That Slays Together

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

ONE WAY for a theater to deal with a sensational current event is simply to present—with theatrical imagination—re-enactments of selected scenes leading up to and through the event. Such a chronological picture can be offered without condemnation of the individuals involved, but usually some attempt is made to demonstrate that society is at fault. This is pretty much what the Trinity Square Repertory Company has done with a combination of reported and alleged details from the life of Charles Manson in its latest production, *Son of Man and the Family*.

The play begins in designer Eugene Lee's total prison environment of overhead metal catwalks and of drab shower facilities in which we watch a few nearly naked prisoners joylessly bathe. The shower episode is appropriate, for not only does it emphasize the dehumanizing effect of Manson's twenty-two years of incarceration but it makes a telling contrast with a later scene in which the members of Manson's "family" return after a murder and blithely shower to wash off the blood. Although director Adrian Hall refrains from editorializing on this and the play's other ironies, it is clear that he strongly suspects that society is responsible for the horrible violence that occurred. Therefore, he tries in various ways to make us *feel* the forces involved and thereby understand the appeal these forces might have had to the participants.

Some of the forces dealt with are most interesting. There are the early repeated betrayals of Manson by those adults he had begun to trust and love, which eventually led him to create his own "family." There is the pleasure of complete submission to the "family," a submission psychologically liberating because the members are freed from the necessity of making choices for themselves. And there is the force of drugs, music, and religious myth which holds these people together.

The force that inspired the killings is more difficult to locate. We are told that the carnage was committed primarily to instill fear in the Establishment. Thus, the Manson/society chain reaction is intensified. Violence elicits fear. Fear elicits stricter law and order. Stricter law and order results in repression. And repression brings us full circle to violence again. Manson's alleged motive of blaming the murders on blacks and thereby setting off a racist struggle in which the blacks would be slaughtered is vaguely attributed to the interracial strife of his prison life and is a part of the chain reaction. Indeed, this strife may account for the statistic presented by one of the play's characters to the effect that, although only 12 per cent of the U.S. population is black, 54 per cent of all murder victims are Negroes.

Because *Son of Man and the Family* began as a play about Judas Iscariot written by Timothy Taylor, but then developed into a new collaboration between Taylor and Hall, there remains in the work some comparison of the Son of God and His disciples with Manson's commune. A religious cult is a religious cult, and a "family" once created can be used as the excuse for violence, as Christianity later was.

It is too big a theme to be explored conclusively, and our memory of the Trinity Square production is more of honest theatrical attempt than of total realization. The initiation of a girl into the family, in which an actress is stripped to the waist (in Providence she still wears a leotard) and submits to the miming of the act of love by an actor also dressed only in blue jeans, is poetically done. Poetic, too, are the slaughter sequences in which the victims are first covered with large white pillowcases and are then squirted with red paint.

The authors obviously wish to make the audience part of the event rather than just moralizing spectators. Thus, at one point we are asked to rise and join hands with our neighbors as we hum the mystical syllable "Om!" Although this invasion of privacy embarrasses many, it nevertheless reminds us that when ritual demands, we are all willing to rise in unison and sing anthems or hymns without questioning the possible subsequent misuses of our patriotism or our religiosity.

Trinity Square, which won this year's Margo Jones Award for its past original work, herein demonstrates again the dedicated thoroughness of its acting and production ensemble. James Eichelberger as Manson and Joanna Williams as a teen-age initiate are the most memorable of the performers. And the songs of Richard Cumming and of Terence Vesey add interesting comment to the action.

In doing this play, Mr. Hall ran into some opposition from members of his board, who felt that presenting such a sensational work at a time when the board was seeking funds from conservative donors was unwise. However, it is always later than we think, and a non-profit theater's obligation to the community should be to prepare it to initiate or undergo some of the social changes that may be necessary to its health and survival. *Son of Man and the Family* doesn't tell us precisely how to go about achieving such changes, nor does it directly trigger our emotional impulse to take action. But it does, through honest exercise of theatrical art, illuminate a dark and dangerous area of our world.

Back in New York the current Off-Broadway strike and a recession-caused reduction in the normal output of Broadway shows have slowed the theater season's pace. The strike is most ominous. Although it will probably be settled by the time this is in print, the settlement will add from $500 to $750 a week to the operating cost of the average Off-Broadway show. This extra operating expense promises to shorten Off-Broadway runs.

For instance, last season's best play, *The White House Murder Case*, ran at a profit for only the first four weeks. After that it hovered around the break-even point for an additional eleven weeks before closing. Under the new terms, the producers would have been forced to close the play in the fifth week. The losers will be the actors, whose annual number of work weeks will be drastically reduced, thereby making them ineligible for unemployment insurance benefits. The Off-Broadway theatergoer will have to rush to see plays earlier than he used to, and most of the ones he sees will be small-cast plays, because producers will be unable to afford a larger list of increased salaries.

The alternative will be attractions produced under other conditions. Unaffected by the strike is the Negro Ensemble Company's current production of *Ododo* at the St. Marks Playhouse, because NEC works under a repertory contract. The Chelsea Theater Center, now presenting *Tarot* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and the American Place Theatre with *The Carpenters* both have separate arrangements with Actors Equity.

Off-Off-Broadway, of course, employs mainly non-union performers or professionals with special permission to appear in showcase productions, runs of which are limited to a small number of performances. Two popular non-union shows now available are *Alice in Wonderland* (see *SR*, Oct. 31) and the ingenuous, hippie musical *Touch*.

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Testament of a Soviet Dictator

by HARRY SCHWARTZ

KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS

translated from the Russian and edited by Strobe Talbott with an introduction, commentary, and notes by Edward Crankshaw

Little, Brown, 639 pp., $10

Is Nikita S. Khrushchev the author of this book? That central question, the first a reviewer must face, has stirred a storm of controversy around the world, a debate likely to continue for some time. Kremlinologists have recalled the long string of forged Soviet memoirs and other documents that have been foisted on the West in the past. Moscow has chimed in energetically with a denunciation of this volume, and has even released a curiously ambiguous "denial" by Khrushchev himself. And the pre-publication of sections of this book in *Life* and foreign periodicals has already exposed errors of fact on which journalists have understandably pounced.

I am about 90-per-cent confident that all or the great bulk of this manuscript is authentic Khrushcheviana. It simply sounds like the old rambling Khrushchev the world got to know so well in the years 1953-1964. There is the same earthiness and even occasional vulgarity—for example, the observation that Stalin could only face certain truths when he was alone in the toilet—that characterized Khrushchev at the height of his power. Moreover, these memoirs have a density of detail and incident that would be extraordinarily difficult for even the most adroit forger to imitate. Finally, whoever gave *Life* this material also gave it a large number of indubitably authentic Khrushchev family pictures, which are reproduced in the book.

The errors of fact must give one pause, notably the claim that Khrushchev had dinner with Stalin and his wife at a time when the latter was already dead. Nevertheless, Khrushchev is an old man and if he wrote—or more likely dictated into a tape recorder—these memoirs, it is not surprising that his memory played tricks with him. Disgraced, he had no staff to help him check facts and little or no opportunity to consult archives.

On the other hand, it is easy to see why Khrushchev should have wanted to record his memories and why he or members of his family should have decided to smuggle them to the West. No feature of his unceremonious purge and its long aftermath can have been more galling to him than the way he was turned into an unperson overnight. One day he was one of the two most powerful men in the world, a figure whose every word and action were watched and recorded in detail. Then, suddenly, he might as well have died, for a strict prohibition against mentioning his name blacked out any reference to Khrushchev in the Soviet media. Can one doubt that he resented this treatment bitterly, and that he welcomed the opportunity to record his version of the past, hoping that sometime—after Brezhnev and Kosygin have passed into history—it would become possible even for Soviet scholars to treat him objectively and pay attention to his side of the history he lived through and helped make? In 1956, after all, Khrushchev reached back over thirty years and resurrected Lenin's Testament for use as a weapon against Stalin. Why should he not hope that his memoirs, too, may one day be published in his own land? In effect, if authentic, this is Khrushchev's testament.

Khrushchev's "denial" concerning this work dealt mainly with his asser-

HARRY SCHWARTZ is a member of the Editorial Board of *The New York Times*.

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—N.C.

In happier times Khrushchev clowns in his great bear coat—"turned into an unperson overnight."

tion that he had not transmitted any such memoirs abroad. There is no reason to disbelieve him. But one can see reasons for younger members of his family—Alexei Adzhubei, the former editor of *Izvestia*, for example, or others—to have done so. *Life* undoubtedly paid a very handsome sum for this work. We may suspect that much of that money ended up in numbered Swiss bank accounts to wait until some new twist in the Soviet political situation permits those who know those numbers to use these funds. And Khrushchev himself may well have seen that transmission of his memoirs abroad would guarantee rapid publication, and force the Soviet press—for the first time in more than half a decade—to acknowledge his existence. One need not spin fancy theories about intrigue in the Soviet Politburo or secret police about all this; quite simple human motives—resentment, greed, etc.—can explain the availability of the work.

There is much that is fascinating about this volume, and it contains many important, though mostly secondary, revelations. But these memoirs are not objective history. Primarily they are Khrushchev's effort to justify himself and his career. Their main thesis is essentially that, though Khrushchev was Stalin's creature and servant for many years, he should not be tarred with Stalin's crimes. His is the classic defense, the one employed by many Germans after Hitler's fall. If one credits this book, Khrushchev was unaware of many of Stalin's crimes until long afterward; when he did participate in them—as when he and other Politburo members signed death sentences—he had no choice; and when occasion arose he sought to save the innocent and to moderate the harshness of Stalin's policies. It is impossible to swallow this defense, to believe, as claimed here, that not until Khrushchev visited Belgrade in 1955 did he really begin to see the full magnitude of the horrors Stalin had committed. And it is almost equally impossible to believe that, as these memoirs maintain, Khrushchev does not know the detailed charges involved in the Leningrad Case, which resulted in the execution of high Soviet leaders and, allegedly, almost cost the present Soviet Premier, Alexei N. Kosygin, his life.

"I've always found that you can't expect an objective analysis of a battle from someone who actually took part in it," this book declares at one point. Properly generalized, that remark applies to all of *Khrushchev Remembers*.

Stalin, of course, is villain No. 1 though the more or less formal acknowledgment is made of the dictator's ability. Stalin's paranoid suspiciousness, his fear of, yet dependence upon, his closest colleagues, his isolation from Soviet reality, his eccentric governance of Russia at nightly dinners and drinking parties—all these come through very vividly. And it is not surprising to learn that in private Stalin was a rabid anti-Semite, one given to mocking Russian Jews by mimicking the accent of the poorly educated among them.

Much of this material on Stalin is familiar, from the original 1956 Khrushchev secret speech and from the books by Milovan Djilas and Svetlana Alliluyeva. If anything, however, this volume presents a rather softer picture of the tyrant than some earlier accounts. One could apparently argue with him and occasionally cause him to change his mind. Evidently, at times one could even fail to obey an order and get away with it, as when Khrushchev decided not to follow Stalin's suggestion that Moscow factory workers be given clubs with which to beat up Jews.

In some ways the most interesting "revelation" in the book about Soviet domestic affairs is the stress on the sensitivity of the nationality issue in that very heterogeneous nation. Khrushchev, a Russian, seems to have felt uncomfortable about governing the Ukrainians. According to these memoirs, when Stalin offered him the appointment as boss of the Ukraine, Khrushchev answered, "It hardly makes sense to send me, a Russian, to the Ukraine." To which Stalin is said to have replied that Kossior, Khrushchev's predecessor, was a Pole. "Why should a Russian have a harder time with the Ukrainians than a Pole?" Khrushchev's reminder that, unlike Kossior, he could not give speeches in Ukrainian did not convince Stalin.

And this volume reports that just before Lavrenti P. Beria, the bloody secret-police chief, was purged he was pushing the idea that the non-Russian republics—the Ukraine, the Baltic states, etc.—be headed by persons of the local nationalities, not by Russians. It is not surprising that this tactic by Beria—a Georgian, like Stalin—helped solidify the opposition to him by the Russian majority in the Politburo. The tension between Russians and non-Russians in the Soviet Union is probably the most serious vulnerability the USSR has, and it adds to the credibility of these memoirs that they indicate at various points how delicate and important nationality issues were and are.

What about revelations in this book? Surely genuine memoirs by Khrushchev should contain much that the world did not know. Or should they? After all, Khrushchev was the world's most voluble leader during his decade in power, and he disclosed a great deal both in public speeches and in private conversations with foreigners. Thus the story of Beria's arrest by Marshal Zhukov was known before, though many of the details now presented are new. And the poisonous nature of relations among Stalin's henchmen—the book is particularly hard on Malenkov and Shcherbakov as well as on Beria—was implicit in the purges that followed Stalin's death while the battle over the succession raged.

But there are nuggets here. Certainly one is the estimate that a million Soviet lives were lost in the short but bloody war of aggression against Finland. Another is the report that it was Kim Il-sung, the North Korean dictator, who originated the idea of invading South Korea. Kim was under the illusion—similar to that of the United States regarding the Bay of Pigs misadventure—that the entry of North Korean troops would spark a victori-

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ous South Korean communist uprising. A third is the assertion that it was the Soviet theoretician and second-string political figure, Petr Pospelov, who gathered the basic material on Stalin's crimes which made up the bulk of Khrushchev's secret 1956 speech. A fourth tells us that at the height of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis Khrushchev slept with his clothes on in his Kremlin office, literally fearing to be caught with his pants off in the event of a major development.

But perhaps the most interesting and novel single chapter is that dealing with Mao Tse-tung and Soviet-Chinese relations. As usual throughout this volume, the emphasis is upon the interplay of personalities in deciding the fate of nations. These memoirs see the Soviet-Chinese split as having been influenced by such factors as Mao's irritation with the Soviet ambassador, Pavel Yudin, a philosopher sent to Peking to help edit Mao's works.

Then there is the almost incredible description of Mao and Khrushchev in Peking, both in bathing trunks at the side of a swimming pool, discussing the great issues of war and peace. Mao, in this scene, argues that all that counts is military manpower, and he offers to give Khrushchev whatever divisions he needs to crush the United States. Khrushchev replies that in the era of the atomic bomb the number of troops on each side of a conflict is no longer necessarily relevant since "the more troops on a side, the more bomb fodder."

The book contains other revealing anecdotes about the clashes of ideas, interests, and personalities that went into the historic schism. They range from Stalin's abortive project for a Soviet pineapple cannery in China, to the quarrel over Mao's refusal to give Moscow a base for its submarines on Chinese territory. Khrushchev, these memoirs claim, was convinced as early as 1954 that Soviet conflict with China was inevitable. This is supported by the worry about China that Khrushchev expressed to Konrad Adenauer during the latter's 1955 visit to Moscow. But then why did Khrushchev do so much in the mid-1950s to help build Chinese economic —and therefore military—strength?

For Americans there is special interest in this book's chapter on the war in Vietnam, a chapter which should add to the national debate on that explosive subject. The big surprise here is the assertion of the weakness of Ho Chi Minh's forces in 1954, and their precarious position even while the Geneva Conference of that year was struggling for an agreement in the

(*Continued on page* 50)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Anachronistic Rules

THERE ARE STRENGTHS and weaknesses in Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* and in Robert Eisner's review of it [*SR*, Dec. 5]. Eisner apparently feels he has answered Reich (and the questions Reich has posed) when he writes: "A world of individual freedom, subject to the rules of competitive markets, can in many situations give us most of what we want and what we as individuals think we 'really need.' A kind of social optimum with desirable efficiency can indeed result if how much we each get depends in large part on how hard we work, on how we choose to allocate our time and effort."

To speak of the guidance of "the rules of competitive markets" is slightly anachronistic in the era of monopolistic corporation capitalism. There must be a reason why these "rules" receive more attention from North American academics than from the owning and managing class in North America. Ordinarily, such rules govern economic models derived partly from the (pluralist) assumption-become-dogma that all the persons in the system are approximately co-equal. Of course, this is not the case today; and it never has been so, except possibly in some pre-feudal or tribal societies.

VINCENT K. POLLARD,
Chicago, Ill.

Segments of Organized Crime

IN HIS REVIEW of Ramsey Clark's *Crime in America* [*SR*, Nov. 28] Francis Plimpton treats the so-called Mafia as if it were the whole of organized crime instead of just a segment, and expresses himself in favor of the continued use of such terms as "Mafia," which reflect unfavorably and unfairly on a whole ethnic group. For Mr. Plimpton's information, organized crime (as well as unorganized crime) includes segments of all nationalities and races—Jewish, Irish, black, Puerto Rican, and what have you—with each segment representing a very small percentage of the ethnic group it belongs to.

JOSEPH DIGIOVANNI,
Middle Village, N.Y.

Gulielmus Shaksper of Stratford

"SNOBBERY-RIDDEN, . . . CHUCKLE-MAKING" victims of "fatuity, madness, meanness": in such terms Benjamin DeMott [*SR*, Nov. 7] seeks to dispose of those who cannot believe the man christened in Stratford Gulielmus Shaksper (or Shakspere) was the poet-dramatist William Shakespeare. It may be of general interest to know that the only time the issue of the Shakespeare authorship has come up for adjudication —in England in 1964—the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Wilberforce, found that the evidence in favor of the Stratford man "is quantitatively slight" and that "there is a number of difficulties in the way of the traditional ascription." He added, "Moreover, as Professor Trevor-Roper of Oxford points out, so far from these difficulties tending to diminish with time, the intensive search of the nineteenth century has widened the evidentiary gulf between William Shakespeare the man [*i.e.*, Shaksper of Stratford] and the author of the plays."

CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.,
Oakton, Va.

American Foreign Policy Objective

IN MR. RICHARD HALLORAN'S multiple book review [*SR*, Nov. 14] he seems to take as a measure of a book the degree to which it approaches his thesis that the bringing of self-determination to other peoples, in particular the Vietnamese, is an objective of the United States.

The bringing about of self-determination of other people is a noble objective, but there are many, including myself, who do not see it as a significant factor in American foreign policy. I challenge Mr. Halloran to find an example of U.S. encouragement of self-determination where the outcome might have been other than an anti-communist régime. He will have no trouble finding examples of support for régimes which actively suppress self-determination, when they are anti-communist. Whether containing communism is our policy and in what circumstances it is a valid policy should be discussed and not dodged by the claims that it is really a policy of self-determination.

A. THEODORE FORRESTER,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

No Deficiency

JOHN FOWLES'S REVIEW OF Marshall McLuhan's *From Cliché to Archetype* [*SR*, Nov. 21] warmed the cockles of my heart—cliché! Some years ago I became bogged down in *Understanding Media* and thought the deficiency was in me.

LENORE H. MCCALL,
Delta, Utah

FROM HIS TERROR-FILLED ("I deeply mistrust this book.") writing, we know more about Fowles than about McLuhan, and less about the book he calls "sick," "corrupt," and "corrupting."

Had Mr. Fowles referred to McLuhan's half-humorous "defense" of his writing style, *"clear prose reveals an unthinking mind,"* or compared that style with the "style" of G. B. Shaw, who wrote *"the most serious matter with the utmost levity, in order to avoid the public executioner,"* or mentioned Faulkner's method of avoiding being lynched by *prolixity incomprehensible to anyone "educated" in Mississippi*, such criticism might have proved amusing, if not enlightening.

EDMUND BIERLY,
Miami, Fla.

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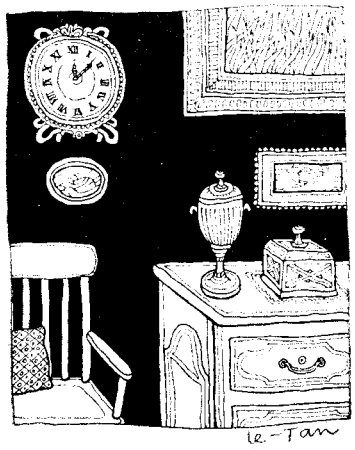

Betwixt Tradition and Innovation

by ROBERT D. SPECTOR

For me, the most significant impression made by the recent works of poetry I have read is —apart from the fact that much good poetry is being written—the sense of a continuing struggle between tradition and innovation. By "tradition" I do not mean modern poets who try simply to duplicate earlier ones, for that would obviously be a meaningless exercise in versification. I do mean poets who still respect the conventions that have provided a common bond through the ages. Nor do I mean by "innovation" merely those poems that ignore the conventions, but rather those that have made a sufficient departure in creating their own conventions to produce an altogether different kind of poetic climate.

Whether the work is *An Anthology of New York Poets* (Random House, $12.95), bringing together twenty-seven writers vaguely associated with the city, or *David Ignatow: Poems, 1934-1969* (Wesleyan, $7.95), giving appropriate stature to a poet too often underestimated in critical discussion, its distance from the poetic world of the Victorians is clear in rhetoric as well as intention. Or, again, compare *The Brownings: Letters and Poetry* (Doubleday, $7.95), innocent and direct, with the enormously interesting anti-autobiographical *Autobiography* of Louis Zukofsky (Grossman, $5.95), a poetic and musical exploration of the poet's development, interspersed with just enough prose statement to keep the narrative line clear.

Nevertheless, a good many contemporary poets continue to use the older conventions, blending them with rhetorical and attitudinal changes to keep their work in tune with what their own age demands. Without laboring the theme and with a desire to indicate what the individual poet has to offer, I should like to separate the quarter's poetry into traditional and innovative categories.

Poetic conventions are most pronounced in books by Michael Longley and Douglas Livingstone. The traditional character of Longley's *No Continuing City* (Dufour, $4.50) extends beyond his use of conventional forms—beyond such orthodoxies as couplets, terza rima, and sonnets—to the very material of his poetry. Titles like "Dr. Johnson on the Hebrides" and "Dr. Johnson Dying" indicate the literary nature of his work; a portrait of Emily Dickinson at work, an exploration of John Clare's thoughts in his madness, excursions into the myths of Circe and Nausicaa, all suggest how much Longley belongs to tradition. And yet, for all that sense of a poetry that breeds contempt through its familiarity, his has virtues too often absent from contemporary poems—a clarity of expression, a sensitivity to language and rhythm. When Longley has Clare describing his condition as "I am lying with my head/Over the edge of the world," or when he speaks of "The moon in purdah and the sun eclipsed," or of "Giraffes whose necks presume that certain trees/Are tall," he is well worth listening to.

Making good use of traditional poetic elements—assonance, consonance, rhyme (slant, sight, and direct) —Livingstone's *Eyes Closed Against the Sun* (Oxford, paperback $2.50) has a forcefulness that comes out of craft rather than inspiration. Individual phrases ("Fat hotel lounges distend/on gorged men"; "his teeth/meeting like tongs in small pairs") briefly capture the attention. Insights invite compliments as they gain assent less because they are perceptive than because they are easily recognizable. The mannered, rather careful and precise poetry in itself pleases through familiarity rather than through a particular power.

Three satisfying books by poets who generally rely on traditional techniques suggest by their dissimilarity the range that lies within convention. The short introductory poem in William Stafford's *Allegiances* (Harper & Row, $4.95) explains neatly how his poetry performs. "Quiet," as he says, his poems have a way of getting inside you: "And into your eyes I climb, on the strongest/thread in the world, weaving the dark and the cold." They explore the American past, as in "At a Pioneer Cemetery": "Both sides fought stillness/but stillness came:/flintlock, war cry—/now no name." They listen to what is happening today, as in "Evening News," where the wide world and war intrude through the thick walls of our houses. These are not gentle little songs that Stafford offers; for all their quietness, they force us to think painfully of where we have been, where we are, and, God help us, where we are going. The one hope he suggests is in the title poem: "Suppose an insane wind holds all the hills/ while strange beliefs whine at the traveler's ears,/we ordinary beings can cling to the earth and love/where we are, sturdy for common things."

The relationship of the public poet and the private man characterizes *Broken Laws* (Oxford, $4.95, paperback $1.95), Daniel Hoffman's latest collection. A poet who places his own sensitivity at the center of the universe, Hoffman identifies that sensitivity with the problems, emotions, and desires of all of us. What he feels, we all must feel; the difference, as Wordsworth would have it, is that he feels more deeply and expresses more effectively than the rest of us. His lyric simplicity attunes itself precisely to the natural response of man awed by the spectacle of the cosmos: "We stand astonished once again/By the grandeur of the world/Outside ourselves. . . ." His poems in "Identity Papers" get inside the characters of others to show a shared response to the world we must live in, regardless of our many differences. His subjects—the simple experiences of ordinary living ("Questions of the cosmos are displaced by this./In which burrow crouches the next meal?"), love, and death—have universal significance.

Maxine Kumin's *The Nightmare Factory* (Harper & Row, $4.95) is a collection of wise poems, knowing in the ways of the world and the needs of people. From her "Pasture Poems," with their shrewd antipastoral comments, through her evocation of the varied connections of places and people, to her insights into familial relationships and her understanding of public poses of ordinary persons, she writes with compassion and wit. Her sense of images strikes many original comparisons ("Let all fold in their knees/like camels and/dumbly take the sun"; "the wet-bellied jets slick

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home"; "They would speak in large gestures/like deaf mutes"). Honed to a fine hardness, her rhythms cut through to true sounds.

Somewhat less satisfying to me, but good in their own way, are four other books that fall generally within conventional bounds. It is not with any sense of derogation that I emphasize the quality of wit in John Holloway's *New Poems* (Scribners, $4.50), although he himself seems rather defensive about it. Whether about nature, love, or language, his poems strike their best notes when they combine his sharp perception with an equally sharp expression. A delightful poem about seduction nicely plays off its conversation against parenthetical comments on color changes in the sky. "The Talking Birds" whimsically speaks of "The good Hebrew the Lord spake to Abraham," and "spake" indicates Holloway's awareness of what context calls for. He has a fine ear for how voices sound, a good sense of the rhythms of ordinary conversation. Though not lacking in appropriate feeling, his poems still impress most with their wit, and that is no small asset.

In *Let Not Your Hart* (Wesleyan, $4, paperback $2) James Seay often speaks of his "one eye," his "one good eye," but there is nothing wrong with his vision when it comes to spotting the moving materials of poetry. He seems instinctively to know the narrow line between sentiment and sentimentality, and rarely slips into the latter. No easy feat, this dealing with simple emotions, this telling of small stories of human life, without seeming maudlin. Seay can speak convincingly of matters no more momentous than graffiti on the back of a bus or an encounter with a man moved to relate his childhood experiences to a stranger. Seay's poems have the flavor of the South, and offer images from local football games and country fairs, but their feeling and insight carry them beyond the bounds of regionalism.

The homogeneity of Derek Walcott's poetic world is apparent in the title of his new work, *The Gulf* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50, paperback $1.95). It is drawn not only from a poem in the present collection but from an earlier piece, "Crusoe's Journal," in *The Castaway*, selections from which are also included in *The Gulf*. The earlier poem made clear that Walcott's gulf separated him from the "place I had lived in but was come out of." Now, the gulf (of Mexico), "The Gulf, your gulf, is daily widening,/each blood-red rose warns of that coming night/when there's no rock cleft to go hidin' in. . . ." In both instances the gulf symbolizes a man's isolation in the world, his need to look inside his own loneliness, to live with it in order to achieve some satisfaction from existence.

Of all these traditional poets, the least satisfying is Reed Whittemore. He is intelligent and perceptive, his poems clever and artfully simple. Yet, read collectively in *Fifty Poems Fifty* (Minnesota, $4.75), they raise a question of whether they had to be written. Individual lines particularly in parody ("Let there be light in the darkroom, let freedom sting./Bear the loaf and fish to Xerox. . . .")—while worthwhile in themselves—hardly justify bringing the whole together.

But failure—as well as success—is just as possible in poems that mock the conventions. Sometimes witty, always fashionably anti-Establishment, Richard Brautigan's *Rommel Drives on Deep Into Egypt* (Delacorte, $4.95) comes off as a game children play. Different, yet no more satisfying, Charles Levendosky's *Perimeters* (Wesleyan, $4, paperback $2) provides an antipoetic, antiheroic tour of the United States that depends on authenticity to create interest, but does nothing to excite the imagination.

Respect for poetry itself, as in Allen Katzman's *The Immaculate* (Doubleday, $4.50, paperback $1.95) and Cid Corman's *Livingdying* (New Directions, $5, paperback $1.75), can bring a genuine quality to poets who work against the conventions, and their own honesty is transformed into the integrity of their poetry. Typically, as in his title poem, Katzman plays off America's subculture with its irreverent anti-Establishment values against the pieties of orthodox society. He does so with savage wit, with cruel and cutting metaphors that attack our most commonplace beliefs. Yet his faith in poetry remains. After a ludicrous portrait of Emily Dickinson, "300 lbs. when she died," he concludes, "still/ it takes thirty men/ to carry all that/ truth [of poetry] to the grave." Cor-

(*Continued on page* 50)

FIFTH BUSINESS

by Robertson Davies

Viking, 308 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

■ Robertson Davies's novel is intelligently conceived and intelligently narrated, free from gimmicks and tricks; not at all mod, it makes no appeals to current fashions in style or content, neither pandering to the reader nor taking on the universe, but is full of the art that conceals itself.

Irritated by his dull biography in the school magazine, Dunstan Ramsay, a retiring Canadian prep school teacher of history and myth, writes his life to set the record straight. What the biography omitted, it turns out, was mainly his childhood, his World War I military service, his books about saints, and his many encounters with former inhabitants of his home town. Sounds dull. In fact, however, this is one of the best novels you will read in years.

The central figures of Ramsay's childhood are Boy Staunton (a high-class Blazes Boylan), the mentally disturbed Mary Dempster, and her neglected son Paul. Ramsay's contacts with them after his war service, during which he was wounded, constitute much of his story. Like all plots composed largely of repeated and unexpected encounters with old acquaintances, this one seems rather loosely basted together by improbabilities and coincidences—until you realize that the story itself, no mere realism, is blending history and myth. Myth, in this case, includes religious faith, miracles, magic, and hypnosis, among other things; and the childhood acquaintances include a saint and the best magician in literature since Thomas Mann's Cipolla. Additionally, this retired teacher turns out to be a marvelous raconteur.

Ordinarily an autobiography is narrated as if the hero were back at the age when each event occurred. Ramsay seldom employs this convention; we're spared many necessarily trite scenes, thoughts, and speeches because he persists in seeing his past in mature and thoughtful retrospect, gratifying the reader with sentences like "But as for 'being in love'—I babbled a good deal of nonsense that I cannot now recall and would not put down if I did."

That kind of economy, that aversion from total recall, rules the story. (Ramsay is of Scots descent.) He begins by saying, "I shall be as brief as I can, for it is not by piling up detail that I hope to achieve my picture, but by putting the emphasis where I think it belongs." He is brief indeed—as John Fowles, who is quoted on the dust-

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jacket, remarks, this is "one of the rare books that might have been even better if it had been longer." There is, for instance, almost no local color, little scenery, and—in a Canadian novel!—an almost complete absence of weather.

The narrator of Samuel Beckett's first novel, *Murphy*, repeatedly hurries the tale by reporting conversation "expurgated, accelerated, improved and reduced." Ramsay often compresses talk into long monologues. Staunton, for example, delivers a fine Bruce Barton speech on Christ; a Catholic priest gives an even better one on sainthood, and a Spanish Jesuit talks best of all—about miracles, saints, himself, Christ. ("He had a terrible temper, you know, undoubtedly inherited from His Father.")

Dunstan Ramsay is also a pleasure to listen to. He has a gentle sarcastic sense of humor—"my colleagues looked uncomprehendingly, like cows at a passing train"—and he plays an occasional game with the reader: he lists the women with whom he had casual affairs (appropriately described) as Agnes Day, Gloria Mundy, and Libby Doe. And a saint "whose intercession was sought by girls who wanted to get rid of disagreeable suitors" is named Uncumber. But primarily Ramsay is a pleasure because he's so intelligent—not bookish and allusive, but perceptive. He knows a lot about life, including his own, and says what he knows briefly and well, not in the pontifical manner of a Herzog or Mr. Sammler but tersely, quietly, and unostentatiously. Just as Ramsay refuses to milk a scene, no matter how exciting (and there are some dandies), so he refuses to hoke up a perception.

I keep speaking of Ramsay, not of Robertson Davies. That's Davies's fault. He has created a character who seems thoroughly credible and eminently capable of directing and narrating his own life: admirable without being faultless; knowledgeable, but we can sometimes see past him; a fine fellow to know, and in touch with some very curious people indeed.

Robertson Davies also exists, and in many ways. He is a playwright, a theater critic, a newspaper columnist, the Master of Massey College of the University of Toronto, and—as a novelist—Toronto's answer to Montreal's Hugh "Pooper" MacLennan.

You should read *Fifth Business*, even if you have to buy it.

J. D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SWOLLEN PARCELS

All the characters described here would have benefited by dieting. Catherine N. Lay of Newport, R. I., asks you to insert their names or nicknames in the blanks; as clues she lists the authors below. Those who give up may turn to page 51.

1. "That swoln parcel of dropsies," his royal drinking-companion called him: _____
2. A detective whose obesity was due to an excessive fondness for gourmet dishes and beer: _____
3. A greedy and hypocritical house-guest who took four bumpers of wine at breakfast and dined on partridges and mutton: _____
4. An amiable prostitute whose nickname alluded to her figure: _____
5. It took 17,913 cows to supply this babe with milk: _____
6. A short, pot-bellied squire to a famous knight: _____
7. Two fat little men who nearly came to blows over a rattle: _____
8. A much-married traveler who enveloped her large hips in a foot mantle: _____
9. "Damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again!" was the constant complaint of his master: _____
10. One of the boys stranded on an island after a plane crash: _____

(a. Lewis Carroll. b. Cervantes. c. Chaucer. d. Dickens. e. William Golding. f. Maupassant. g. Molière. h. Rabelais. i. Shakespeare. j. Rex Stout.)

OF MEN AND CRABS

by Josué de Castro

translated from the Portuguese by Susan Hertelendy

Vanguard, 190 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John B. Hughes

■ The eminent Brazilian physician and anthropologist Josué de Castro has, in *Geography of Hunger, Death in the Northeast, The Black Book of Hunger*, and many other works, graphically and convincingly traced the economic and mercantile causes of hunger, as well as the disastrous social, political, and human consequences of malnutrition throughout the world. In *of men and crabs* he lays down for a moment his role as scientist and scholar in order to speak more directly and personally to his readers about the subject to which he has devoted his life.

As the author suggests in what he calls "a rather generous preface" to a rather lean novel, it would be difficult to distinguish here between fiction, case history, and autobiography.

> The theme of the book is my childhood discovery of hunger on the marshlands in the city of Recife, where I lived among those shipwrecked in this sea of misery. It was not at the Sorbonne, or at any other seat of learning, that I came to know the anatomy of hunger. It was revealed to me spontaneously in the marshes of the Capibaribe River and the more miserable sections of the city of Recife: Afogados, Pina, Santo Amaro, and the island of Leite. *That* was my university—the muddy marshes of Recife, seething with crabs and peopled by humans fashioned of crab meat, thinking and feeling like crabs.

The theme of hunger is one of the commonplaces of Brazilian literature, and specifically of the literature of the Northeast. Euclides da Cunha and more recent Brazilian novelists have treated the suffering and privation in the Northeast, the horrors of periodic droughts and floods, the forced pilgrimages to the cities of the coast. Essayists and poets have also taken as their theme the *mocambos* (hovels) and mangrove swamps of Recife. Possibly their highest literary expression is found in the gaunt, strongly etched verses of João Cabral de Melo Neto, where men and mud, life and death merge in the marshlands of the Capibaribe.

Of men and crabs, conceived many years ago, is titled in Portuguese *O Ciclo do Carangeijo* (The Crab Cycle). Briefly and impressionistically, it describes the life, frustrations, and death

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of João Paulo, "a poor boy just opening his eyes to the spectacle the world afforded him of a landscape that was no more than a narrow inlet of the sea, a narrow inlet of miseries." The book reads like a poetic synthesis of all the previous literature about the Northeast. It contains the boy's impressions of the world and the stories told by the adults around him, all refugees from drought, famine, or beri-beri. Finally, after a hopeless revolution against unspeakable exploitation, the bodies of the defeated revolutionaries lie in the marshes. "Somewhere among them, buried under the mangroves, lay the body of João Paulo, whose flesh in decay would nourish the mud, which, in turn, feeds the cycle of the crab."

In all his work Josué de Castro's prose has a certain compelling intensity, which does not fail him here. The book has the simplicity of a parable. It is not great literature, and it is not pretentious. For this reviewer, its importance lies in the relationship between the author and his writing: *of men and crabs* adds a moving personal note to the impressive documentation Josué de Castro has compiled on hunger as a destroyer of men's bodies and souls.

John B. Hughes is a specialist in Latin American literature and chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Minnesota.

WIT TWISTER #196

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

His _ _ _ _ _ _ sealed the
doom of his young wife,
But mounting guilt now _ _ _
_ _ _ his whole life;
And the old king, through all his
feasts and routs,
Must still _ _ _ _ _ _ the
poison of his doubts.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 51)

Criminal Record

Fact

American Grotesque. *By James Kirkwood. Simon & Schuster.* $11.95. Clay Shaw, a prominent New Orleans businessman, was charged by Jim Garrison, that city's district attorney, with conspiring to assassinate President John F. Kennedy. James Kirkwood went down South for the trial, which he recreates with an excellent reporter's eye for details large and small. Credit him with working like the devil to be objective throughout, but his admitted friendship for Clay Shaw robs the book of necessary impartiality.

Fiction

Passenger to Frankfurt. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $5.95. Two people meet at the Frankfurt airport. He is a British diplomat returning to London; she says her life depends on his loaning her his passport and his hooded cloak to conceal her sex. It makes a promising beginning, and the idea of an international plot for world control is worthy, but all it adds up to is talk, more talk, interminable talk. A major disappointment from this world-famous mystery writer.

The Curse of the Concullens. *By Florence Stevenson. World.* $6.95. Lucinda Bellemore Ayers worships Jane Eyre and would like to emulate her. Her chance comes when she is engaged as governess at O'Hagan's Keep, where the Concullens live life as best they can while plagued by vampires, a banshee, and a curse. Needless to say, this is a spoof of the Gothic novel, and the author has done a nice, genteel job of poking fun. For true Gothic horror, however, take a look at the publisher's price for a novel that runs a mere 143 pages.

A Plague of Violence. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. The plague begins in Connecticut, with someone taking pot shots at visiting artist-detective John Jericho. The incident escalates into a police raid—and a death—at a hippie commune, followed by two murders that might be retaliatory. Jericho has to work fast to solve the killings before the countryside turns into a battlefield. Author Pentecost, who has constructed a knockout thriller, moves so swiftly that his ending, though satisfactory, seems a bit too pat.

The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes. *Edited by Hugh Greene. Pantheon.* $6.95. Arthur Conan Doyle may have been the big news from 1891 to 1914, but he was not the only man writing mysteries at the time. Herewith, a collection of thirteen stories (by such as Max Pemberton, Baroness Orczy, R. Austin Freeman, etc.) that do not deserve to disappear under the giant shadow cast by Sherlock Holmes. Vintage fun.

Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate. *By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday.* $4.50. To amuse her bridge-club chums, a silly old maid invents a young lady for a computer-dating questionnaire, just to see what happens. What happens is that she gets herself knocked off by a psychopath who thought he had been rejected by the nonexistent girl. And then he discovers a woman who bears the name and answers to the description of the one who refuses to date him. Miss Disney has come up with a slight but pleasant evening's reading that should please her fans, but will make her highly unpopular with exponents of computer dating as the way to lasting happiness.

The Murderer Vine. *By Shepard Rifkin. Dodd, Mead.* $5.95. A millionaire's son, along with two other civil rights workers, is believed to have been murdered in the Deep South. The father offers a private detective a fortune to obtain proof of murder and to kill the five men he thinks committed it. How the detective goes about his work (there are special problems connected with being a Yankee down South) and what results make for a fascinating novel.

Occasionally Shepard Rifkin can't resist showing off his erudition, which sidetracks the story for several paragraphs at a time, but this is a minor carp about an otherwise solidly plotted, thoroughly engrossing work.

It Never Rains in Los Angeles. *By Charles Flowers. Coward-McCann.* $5.95. A black radical leader is found murdered in a Los Angeles high school. Racial tension runs high, and the school is marked for violence unless a white liberal journalism teacher catches the murderer quickly. The author's intent seems to be something more profound than mere murder mystery fare, and he obviously impressed the judges of the Thomas R. Coward Memorial Award, who gave him their $15,000 prize for 1970. To this nonawarder, he sounds like just another honky trying to get with it, and the Flowers style ("The brown afternoon turned yellow in the stale urine of the air . . .") is occasionally so flowery as to turn off any reader, regardless of race, creed, or national origin.

Haskel Frankel

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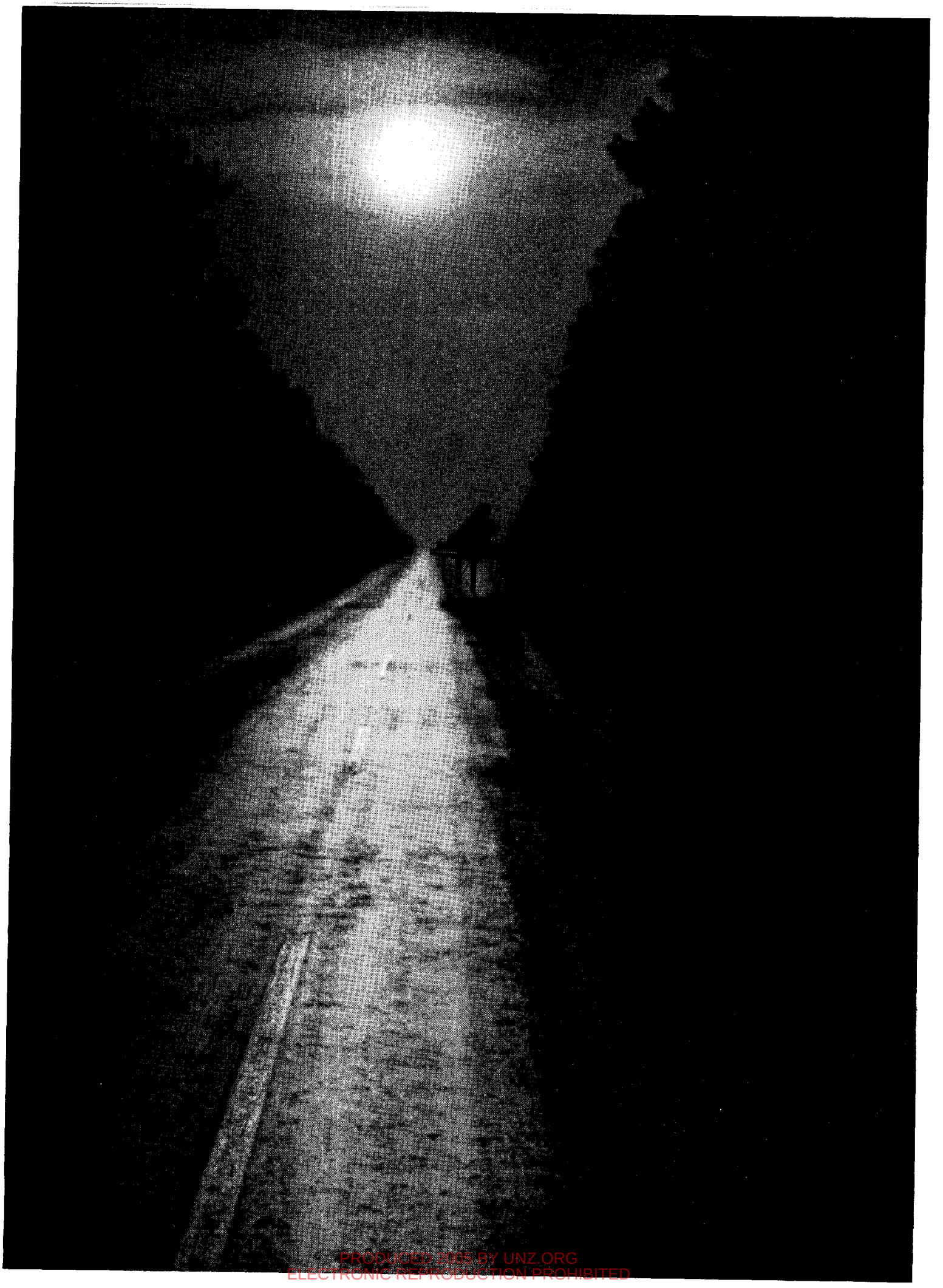

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One of Erich Segal's charms—and he has quite a few—is his unabashed delight in his best-selling *Love Story*, just issued in paperback (Signet, 95¢) in 5,000,000 copies, the largest first printing of any paperback ever. The publishers have put forth all kinds of extravagant statistics on it, such as that enough paper was used to fill twenty railroad freight cars, or that, laid end to end, their first printing would reach from here to Outer Mongolia. The thirty-three-year-old Yale classics professor found fame and fortune with this teary romance about a Harvard Jock who marries a smart-talking Radcliffe girl, only to have her die after putting him through law school. "No question about it, it came along at the right time," says Segal. "My book is an expression of today's youth, their values and their truths." He takes a good deal of ribbing from his cool colleagues, one of whom told him that *Love Story* was straight out of the Forties—the 1740s. "Sure, it's old-fashioned. It even has a bit of *Our Gal Sunday* in it. But the kids today are sentimental. Just listen to the Beatles, all that tenderness."

Love Story has produced a number of college devotional cults. Segal says it's discussed in campus groups, and lovers read it to each other. "It evokes such beautiful gestures from people. One girl at Berkeley gave me a floral arrangement she had made in memory of Jennifer, the heroine."

Has success spoiled Erich Segal? Only a bit. He still drives his Mercury Cougar, lives in a spartan Yale room, and runs ten miles a day to keep in shape. "The only difference is that now I date movie stars. I like bright, brainy broads, and I wouldn't have had the courage to ask them out before. There's a real difference when you date a "star"—you can feel the glitter across the table. Of course, I'm not talking about spiritual values or anything like that, just the glitter."

When he's not flying to Hollywood for weekends to edit the films he's written scripts for, or traveling the country giving lectures, or being toasted at champagne parties given by his publishers, he's plain Erich Segal, pondering the nature of tragedy and comedy at Yale. "The teaching helps me keep my equilibrium. It gives me a proper humility. I may be somebody off-campus, but when you see so many giants walking around Yale, can I deserve more consideration than the Reverend William Sloane Coffin? And, after all, I know that what I teach is far more important than anything I write."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

In her own foreword to *them* (Fawcett, $1.25), the 1970 winner of the National Book Award for fiction, Joyce Carol Oates calls her novel "history in personal perspective." Based on a real-life situation related to her by one of her students over a period of many months, the novel chronicles a family's nearly endless bouts with alcoholism, brutality, and even murder in what turns into a Midwestern melodrama. Jack Kerouac's first novel, *The Town and the City* (Harvest, $3.45), written in 1950 (seven years before his best-selling *On the Road*), also recalls family life, but here the scene is a Massachusetts textile town, and the free-wheeling events that occur leave the young hero free at the end to embark upon his own journey.

Certainly Thomas Berger has enthusiastic admirers. For his big, sprawling Western novel *Little Big Man* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) he was compared to Mark Twain. These episodic "memoirs" are allegedly the narrative of a semi-literate old man (aged 111), who in his day had hunted buffalo, done some womanizing and gunfighting, and survived Custer's Last Stand. I could barely survive the interminably slow pace. In *Vital Parts* (Signet, $1.25) Berger reintroduces his hero Reinhart, who appeared in earlier novels. Now forty-four and more dulled than ever, he gets mixed up with some freaked-out characters, including one with big schemes to freeze the dead for future use. The humor is very dark.

Now for a couple of books we had fun reading: Arthur Arent's *The Laying on of Hands* (Pyramid, 95¢), whose labyrinthine plot tells how some patient concentration camp survivors get their revenge thirty years after the fact. And Eric Ambler's *The Intercom Conspiracy* (Bantam, 95¢), in which the old master of suspense shows he can keep up with the times. No chilling drama on the Orient Express here; instead, Ambler stalks the back corridors of departments of state, where NATO, CIA, and a West German version called BND get properly mixed up by a rightist newsletter.

New and noted: William Price Fox's *Moonshine Light, Moonshine Bright* (Bantam, 95¢) has enough old-fashioned charm to make one long for double-dip ice cream cones and bike rides along country roads on summer nights. That's how the teen-aged heroes amuse themselves in this novel of Southern small-town life in the Forties. Violet Weingarten, who wrote *Mrs. Beneker*, turns to another marital situation in *A Loving Wife* (Signet, 95¢), about a restless woman and a married man. Surprisingly, some good comes of the situation. J. R. Salamanca's *A Sea Change* (Bantam, $1.25) follows a young couple to Europe, where in their efforts to rejuvenate a weary wedlock they wake up more than lost love.

The Movies

If this is the age of the film director, Praeger Film Library is providing the records. Their books, nicely balanced between photographs and text, travel an international circuit with articles by

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well-known film critics. The newest among the assortment are: *Lindsay Anderson* ($1.95), *The Films of Robert Bresson* ($2.50), *Arthur Penn* ($2.50), *The Films of Jean-Luc Godard* ($2.95), and *Second Wave: Newer Than New Wave Names in World Cinema* ($2.50). You can't get more current than that.

In *The Art of the Film* (Collier, $2.95) former British Film Institute director Ernest Lindgren analyzes the peculiar talent that makes great directors. Unlike creative artists who work alone, the director must be able to call forth from other technicians the best of their abilities and coordinate a joint enterprise into something resembling art. Eisenstein, Bergman, Buñuel, de Sica are a few of the dynamic men whom Lindgren discusses to illustrate his arguments.

Underground films have now come out into the open, and *Film Culture Reader* (Praeger, $4.95), edited by P. Adams Sitney, gathers some of the more important critical articles that have appeared in *Film Culture Journal*, the foremost publication for American avant-garde films. Among those present are such artists-with-cameras as Jonas Mekas, Amos Vogel, and Andy Warhol. Illustrated.

VIPs

A central observer and prime mover of diplomacy during the postwar 1940s and early 1950s was Dean Acheson. His recollections, *Present at the Creation: My Years in the State Department* (Signet, $1.95), recall with an urbane detachment the end of World War II, the beginnings of NATO, the Marshall Plan, the creation of Israel, U.S. involvement in Indochina, and the ferocity of Senator Joseph McCarthy's witch-hunt. Acheson believed that the task of the United States from 1949 to 1953 was "to create half a world, a free half . . . without blowing the whole to pieces in the process.'

There is a good deal less detachment and considerably more warmth in John Kenneth Galbraith's *Ambassador's Journal* (Signet, $1.50), in which he relates his experiences in India during the Kennedy years. Galbraith, whose book is written in diary form, is always a sensitive, witty observer, whether he is discussing border crisis with China or Mrs. Kennedy's highly publicized tour. Best of all, he gives a real sense of the diplomat's isolation from domestic affairs.

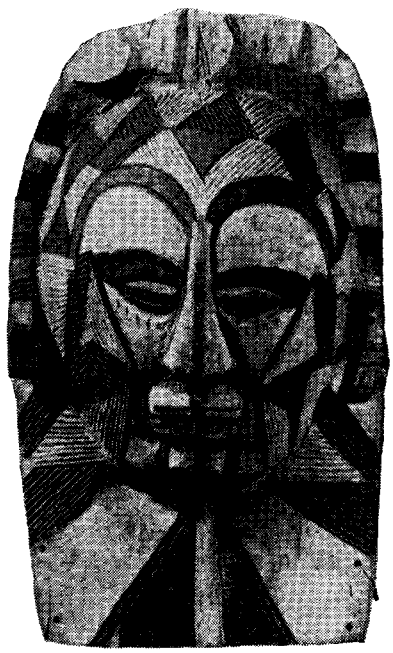
Galbraith has been quoted as saying in 1967 that Willie Morris's autobiography, *North Toward Home* (Delta, $2.25), was "the most sensitive, amusing and generally enchanting book I have read this year." It is certainly all those things, this genial "Making It" about a Mississippi-born boy who came to New York via Texas and Oxford University, to become, at the age of thirty-two, editor of *Harper's*. Maybe you can't go home again, but part of Willie Morris's great appeal is that he has never wholly left small-town America.

In his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, *Huey Long* (Bantam, $1.95), T. Harry Williams gives some of the reasons why his subject was one of the most hated and most loved men in American political life. Longtime governor of Louisiana, foe of FDR, and friend of the "little man," the Kingfish was a putty-faced, power-hungry, yet charismatic leader. Williams portrays not only Long but that segment of Americans who flocked around him.

David Harris calls his book *Goliath* (Avon, 95¢) "a personal testament." It is another addition to the prison literature of our times. Harris, who is married to folksinger Joan Baez, is presently in an Arizona federal prison for refusing to submit to the draft. A "nonviolent revolutionary," he has written a gentle, compassionate book about the experiences across the country that helped form his pacifist point of view.

For sheer outrageous gossip there's no one like Rex Reed. In *Conversations in the Raw* (Signet, $1.25) he invades the lives of Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward ("America's jet-age Doug and Mary"), Patricia Neal, Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Bette Davis ("the whole banana"), and sometimes, in the best pieces, manages to ferret out the human being behind the stardust.

Double Bell. Iron. Bamum tribe.



Mask. Polychrome wood. Baluga tribe.

When it first appeared nearly twenty years ago, *African Sculpture* was hailed as a milestone in the appreciation of African art. Now Princeton has reissued the work as a handsome Bollingen paperback ($3.95), and it seems not only untarnished by time, but in fact even brighter because of our greater awareness of that continent. Most of the photographs—nearly 200 full pages—were taken by Eliot Elisofon and Walker Evans, and they depict a broad spectrum of works in bone and ivory, wood and bronze. In his remarkably lucid introductory essay James Johnson Sweeney concludes: "It is not the tribal characteristics of Negro art nor its strangeness that are interesting. It is the sculptural quality—its vitality of forms, its simplification without impoverishment . . . and above all its uncompromising truth to material."

Female figure. Wood. Baluga tribe.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Balmy Day on Herald Square

YOU CAN'T KEEP a traveling man down, certainly not on a balmy day in early December when the Newsweek Tower outside his window flashes a higher temperature at every other glance and by noon the blessed 60s are in sight. It might not be enough to stop work and stir souls on, say, Kalakaua Avenue or even Collins Avenue, but on Madison Avenue you can almost conjure up coconut palms and bikinis through the smog-filtered sunlight.

Outside my building at 47th Street, the swelling legions of dark-suited accountants (where have all the hucksters gone?) are taking their posts beside the curb to survey the passing pulchritude and perhaps to bask a mite longer in the Jets' 20-10 upset of the Vikings sprung three days before. Is it my imagination or have these noon-hour hardhats gone into mourning since the death of the mini? Their suits and faces look somehow darker these days, increasingly so as one woman after another forsakes that memorable fad wrought by Mary Quant in the bygone Sixties.

I am bound for Herald Square to see how the Christmas battle goes between Macy's and Gimbels, to pursue the "Miracle on 34th Street" twenty-three years after Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Natalie Wood (she was Susan, the little girl who came to believe in Santa) brought the friendly commercial feud to the screen.

The sidewalks of Fifth Avenue are less than teeming. Christmas is just twenty-three days away, neon trees are up, Salvation Army Santas are ringing, the smell of roasting chestnuts and pretzels accents the air, but the holiday spirit dances somewhere else, maybe on the Nicollet Mall in Minneapolis, but not here, not yet.

At 38th Street I stop off at Lord & Taylor. It began as a dry goods store with an awning out front on Catherine Street almost 150 years ago and made five successive moves uptown until it opened on this Murray Hill spot in 1913. Mary Eager, a company public relations woman, is eager to tell me: "We're really a fashion store. We don't like to think we're part of the Macy's and Gimbels scene. We're Fifth Avenue." Lord & Taylor's league, she says, includes Saks, Bonwit Teller, Bergdorf Goodman, and B. Altman.

The main floor is hung with huge, stylized piñatas and other symbols of a Mexican Christmas. The wide, carpeted aisles bear little traffic, and on the upper floors I browse in a calm befitting an English stately home. Santa's silvery throne is empty; a sign announces his departure for coffee. Most of the action is in the basement, where William MacElree's helpers are topping off four window displays that will be lifted into place directly overhead and unveiled two days hence. MacElree, the store's display director, says he has won the Oscar of window decorating, an award given by the magazine *Display World*, two years in a row.

"We wanted to be current and still traditional this year, so we went ethnic," he says, leading me past tiny settlements of toy Indians, Eskimos, Gypsies, and Mexicans all living in a glittering upbeat world. "I think we'll get the fourteen-to-twenty-five contingent," he continues. "They love to drown themselves with things ethnic. We know we'll get the kids and their grandmas with the Totes and last year's Christmas scarves. Nothing ever matches, but we love 'em, they're fabulous."

Altman's, on the corner of 34th and Fifth, calls itself the Christmas Store. It too is orderly, muted. The food department, brimming over with Italian Christmas panettone, tons of *pâté de foie gras*, exotic teas and chocolates, recalls a 1968 visit to Fortnum & Mason. That was in late November, but even then London seemed more festive. There are no morning coats at Altman's.

Outside, green curtains are drawn on Altman's display windows, but before one entitled "The Peaceable Kingdom," the curtain parts slightly. Peeking, I see two men on their knees installing jungle animals. One man spots me and quickly pulls the curtain over the animals and his colleague's protruding rear. Heading west on 34th toward Herald Square, I tour Ohrbach's, a store that promotes the Now Look at budget prices. The bustle is picking up, but at the Miracle Stretch Flesh Panti Hose counter a salesgirl leans forward with her head in her hands, dreaming a faraway dream. She sees me taking notes, smiles, and jumps into action. In the basement I admire a rack of wool-lined Swedish army officers' coats, incongruous as they appear on such a gentle day. Over the intercom drifts "It Came upon a Midnight Clear," and for the first time I feel a tingle of Christmas past. Carols always do it to me.

On the sidewalk two girls in navy-blue Salvation Army outfits are playing "O, Come, All Ye Faithful" on horns, while a third rings the charity bell. All three are from out of town and agree that 34th Street is nothing like home. "There was this man, just looking at us," one giggles nervously. I tell them there will be others and wish them Godspeed.

Gimbels and Macy's have been across-the-street rivals (actually, Korvette's is wedged between them at 33rd Street) since 1910, when Herald Square was at the core of the high and fast Tenderloin district. "Clubber" Wil-

"This is the very latest in dolls. It says a naughty word so the little mother can wash its mouth out with soap."

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liams, a police captain, unwittingly coined the term in 1876 when he was transferred from an obscure precinct to West 30th Street. "I've been having chuck steak ever since I've been on the force," he reportedly said, "and now I'm going to have a bit of the tenderloin."

Gimbels' corner window displays are legendary, and a live, though surrogate, Santa Claus has been stationed behind the glass annually for twenty-five years. "We've had live animals in there, too," a Gimbels lady flack recalls. "The year we had the kangaroos one of them was pregnant, but we didn't know when the baby was due. I was standing right in front when the baby climbed into the world." Dickens's Tiny Tim and his friends are doing their animated thing in the window against a London backdrop, precisely as they did the year before. In another store, I have been warned in hushed tones of Gimbels' 1970 repeat. "No secret," says the lady flack. "It was so well received last year that we thought we should do it again."

The two giant emporia prefer to play down their rivalry. Gimbels claims it is happy to be smaller and therefore less hectic, while Macy's capitalizes on its nonpareil size and volume, daring *any* store to come close (though admitting Moscow's GUM may be a match). I find Gimbels' bargain basement, formally known as the Downstairs Store, humming with the madness of the elusive season, and the familiar department store bing-bing sounds above the din.

Macy's moved up from 14th Street in 1902, when the hinterland north of 59th was a howling wilderness and a pioneer named Bloomingdale had just dared to open at 59th and Third. Up in Macy's advertising and public relations loft I hear a lady executive barking into a telephone: "We simply won't stage a shoplifting photograph, I don't care if it's U.P. or anyone." I browse the upper floors in relative tranquillity, gawking at the ninth floor furniture department the size of a full city block, drooling at the Fancy Pantry of Fine Foods (five different cuts of salmon, countless slabs of cheese, Smithfield hams), for I am famished. And footsore. On the first floor the crowds are thickening, and when I finally emerge on Herald Square, it is dark. A man asks the way to 33rd Street, and I have to turn around several times to fix my own compass.

Next morning I read in the *Times* that the temperature was 66 at 2:30 the afternoon before, five degrees higher than the previous record for December 2. That was in 1912, two years after Gimbels opened, fifteen years before George Blanda was born. Was Christmas any different then?

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Music to My Ears

Gentele for Bing, or New Blood from Sweden

IN A WEEK when the Metropolitan Opera arrived at a decision for a successor to Rudolf Bing, whose term of direction will have covered twenty-two years when it terminates in June 1972, even the imminence of a Beethoven bicentenary must take second place. Beethoven will go on for at least another century with or without aid and succor from those who are presently custodians of his well-being. Whether the same is true of the Metropolitan is not nearly so firmly established a prospect.

At this juncture of its tenth decade—the 100th anniversary of its founding may come under Göran Gentele's (pronounced Ghent-ele) direction in 1983, if he survives half the term of his predecessor—the order of priorities for a new manager's qualifications was altogether clear. If he were to serve the best interests of the Metropolitan's pressing needs, he would have: 1) a keener sense of musical values than recently prevailed; 2) a sharp eye for ways and means of controlling the ever-rising cost of doing business and channeling more of the means into ways of sustaining company morale; 3) a spiritual affinity for the new that would bring the repertory into decent affinity with developments of the middle century (which would mean late Berg, Hindemith, Janáček, et al., on the European side; Ginastera, Ward, Carlisle Floyd, and their like in this hemisphere).

In the outline of credits and credentials advanced on behalf of the suave-looking, well-groomed Gentele at his formal introduction—a replica in many physical respects of the similarly suave-looking, well-groomed Bing at *his* formal introduction in 1949—there is no strong indication of aptitudes in the order mentioned. He was an actor in the Royal Dramatic Theater before he became an operatic producer and then administrative director of the Royal Opera in Stockholm (Bing was an administrator in Darmstadt before he removed to Vienna, under Nazi pressures, as an agent, then to Glyndebourne). Gentele is described as an amateur of the piano and the violin (Bing had aspirations to be a vocalist before he decided it was more inviting to supervise other vocalists) who has always had a musical director in the theaters where he has been active, and presumably will at the Metropolitan. His answer, to a question about what he would consider a first priority in running the Met, was to stress opera as a "theatrical presentation," precisely what the Rudolf Bing of 1949 was saying, when it was far more pertinent to the Metropolitan of that time than it is today, after Margaret Webster, Cyril Ritchard, Garson Kanin, Alfred Lunt, Jean-Louis Barrault, Franco Zeffirelli, et al. Asked why he should want to give up the peace of Stockholm for "strife-torn" (or was it "strike-torn"?) New York, he replied, "I enjoy fighting"—which, if Bing did not say it then, he very well might have.

So, Göran Gentele at his formal introduction. Much will doubtless happen between now and his accession to responsibility in 1972, but will it also include a proper answer to the question: Why, after nearly ninety years of Metropolitan Opera, could not an American be found to supervise this activity in its expensive new plant in Lincoln Center? The old answer—because the best man possible should be engaged, and Americans do not qualify for that category—no longer applies, when there are a Julius Rudel, a Leonard Bernstein, and a Thomas Schippers in our artistic community. Perhaps the answer of George Moore, the Metropolitan's president and head of the selection committee, to a question about the reasons for preferring Gentele to others on a list of fifty names or so, is revelatory: "He has the potential for producing the best opera in the world. . . . He got along well in the community" in Sweden, which Moore translated into "a talent for leadership"; and "he can make ends meet." Whether the aforenamed Americans qualified in these respects was less than unremarked. Certainly Rudel's accomplishment, as well as his potential, have been sufficiently demonstrated at the New York State Theater to embarrass the Met even more in the future than he has in recent seasons; and Bernstein's *Falstaff* was a bright light amid some encircling musical gloom as long ago as 1964. The only American of prominence who was given serious consideration—to the point of having final refusal between the first overture to Gentele and the triumphant finale—was Peter Mennin, whose prominence relates to excellent qualifications as a composer and administrator, and none at all in the world of professional opera.

Taking it all together and in sequence, the net of it is that Moore and his group were looking for a man who would covet the job sufficiently to work under financial guidelines defined as "making ends meet." How large a shoestring is visualized as knotted into this metaphor, nobody presently knows. If Göran Gentele can talk financial turkey, in her native tongue, to Birgit Nilsson, he may have an advantage on any other possible choice (lest there be any misunderstanding, Gentele's English-English is very much akin to the 1949 Bing's). He will need every advantage he can muster, as his five-year term of office begins on July 1, 1972, precisely the day on which all the present union contracts come up for renegotiation.

What's in a name? Shakespeare to the contrary, the answer to this oft-asked question may, when it comes to ordering musical opportunities and unlocking artistic doors, be: plenty. As Jeremy Gould, the young Englishman who appeared with the American Symphony lately, might or might not have been occupying the piano bench. As Jeremy Menuhin—which is to say, with his father's rather than his mother's name (rather customary, after all)—he was not merely present but sharing the stage in Beethoven's C-minor Concerto with his famous father as conductor.

It made a pretty picture of generation-spanning talent and produced a performance of the sometimes transporting Third Concerto that was all refinement and musical breeding, smoothly disciplined in its technical detail, artistically responsible, and well interrelated. No self-aggrandizing virtuosity here! But, also, no powerful emotional charge, roughshod impulse, or other unbridled form of animal spirits that should be a property of teen-aged youth in a work of such youthful plenitude and vigor. Premature sobriety may be as limiting a burden for the budding performer as obsolescent adolescence may be for the older one.

Any temptations to comparisons with other musicians of nineteen named Menuhin (and the memory goes more directly to the piano-playing Hephzibah, now Jeremy's aunt, than his father) may be set aside as irrelevant. Measuring up to Beethoven is sufficiently exacting. As a phenomenon in himself, young Menuhin gives promise of becoming a professional on some exacting level of pianistic performance. But there are legions, really, of others better qualified at this time to play this work. His father's orchestral direction was not all advantage, being tightly drawn in its dynamic dimensions and understated. He was, altogether, more at ease and stylistically adept in the opening Schubert Overture in D, which rolled along cheerfully and with a rhythmic lift that was Menuhinesque as well as Schubertian.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Confessors

THE ITALIANS haven't given us much in the way of movies lately, but when they do they startle us—Visconti's *The Damned*, for instance, and Fellini's *Satyricon*. Now, a younger film-maker, Elio Petri, who is forty-one, is here with *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion*, an almost surreal political thriller that races along (accompanied by an ominous musical score) and levels shafts at the Italian police hierarchy, imported American electronic technology, and sex styles of the Italian elite. The mixture is unsettling, as it is meant to be. Petri, who co-wrote the script with Ugo Pirro, has a decided flair for imagery and seems intent on attacking us on all cinematic fronts at once.

The film, actually, is a thriller in reverse. The criminal is known to us almost from the beginning, and what must be unraveled are his exceedingly complex motives. It is giving away no secret to reveal that the murderer (Gian Maria Volonts) of a seductive, fashionable beauty (Florinda Balkan) is the chief of the Roman homicide squad, who, on the very day he slits the throat of his mistress, celebrates his promotion to head of political intelligence for the Roman police force. The mystery, for a time, is not only why the crime was committed but also why the police chief left so many obvious clues to the identity of the murderer.

Our Roman *policier*, it appears, is deranged. But his paranoia is related by Petri to the paranoia of established society, which apparently requires a large repressive force to maintain the status of the quo, so to speak. Petri is known to be a Marxist, but he is by no means doctrinaire in his fictions. If he allows any overall point to seep through, it is that the investigating and surveillant class (the police, secret as well as official) must assume that it has rights denied to the citizenry at large. Carrying the thesis to an absurd extreme, the efficient, though muddled, police chief can commit an obvious crime and be the last to be suspected. The murderer's *idée fixe* is to test his invulnerability and, even when he has made his guilt utterly clear to the investigators he commands, to prove that he cannot be judged.

One can be unwilling to accept Petri's rather tortured reasoning and yet follow the course of incidents with fascination. The police chief allows himself to be seen entering and leaving the victim's apartment, liberally distributes his fingerprints, toasts his new appointment with his colleagues on champagne taken from the scene of the crime. When his supply of clues still doesn't convince, he concocts new ones, until at last the trail leads to only one conclusion—himself. At this point, Petri gives us a fantasy sequence in which his superiors, faced with the fact of his guilt, make the necessary judgment of innocence. It is then left open for us to decide what really might have happened.

It is all melodrama, of course—let us hope.

The film might have seemed an eerie spin-off of *Z*, if it were not already in the works prior to the Costa-Gavras success. Meanwhile, there is a new Costa-Gavras opus on hand, *The Confession*, a grim rendering of Artur London's autobiographical account of his arrest, imprisonment, torture, interrogation, and trial during the "Slansky purge" in Czechoslovakia some eighteen years ago. London, an *engagé* Communist, is a Czech who, after a dedicated international career, became, in 1949, vice minister of foreign affairs in Czechoslovakia. Seized for "conspiracy against the state," he "confessed" after a year of interrogation and was one of three of the fourteen on trial who were given life terms instead of death sentences.

The scenario of *The Confession* (written, as was *Z*, by Jorge Semprun) follows London from the time of his seizure to his conviction, but also gives us postscripts in which the now rehabilitated London decides to write his memoirs and strangely, still a Communist, decides to publish them in his home country. He arrives on the day of the Soviet invasion. It is Yves Montand who plays the suspected Gerard (another name used by London), and he is convincing enough to give us a harrowing time at the movies. Costa-Gavras uses his herky-jerky style to take us through a nightmarish prison world in which the quite apparently innocent Gerard first denies the trumped-up deeds of which he is accused, then is eventually worn down not only to confess but to accept the "truth" of what he still knows to be imaginary.

In other words, there are two kinds of logic: one being rational, and the other political. The state demands political logic of Gerard, and he is finally forced to acknowledge (in fact, agree) that the higher truth is the property and prerogative of the state. His equally dedicated wife (Simone Signoret) also accepts this "logic" and with it the fact of his guilt. Irony of ironies, the film was approved for production in Czechoslovakia, but it seems that the presence of some Soviet troops and tanks made film facilities unavailable. In France, where the film was made, there has been some Communist criticism, but also support. Apparently, a dyed-in-the-wool Marxist can accept it as a criticism of revolutionary and party zeal. For non-Marxists it can only provide a chill, and if Costa-Gavras does induce some pity and sympathy for Gerard, it is overweighed by the film's clear view of him as the victim of an incurable intellectual disease, one for which he helped carry the virus. *The Confession* is a well-made movie; it is also a telling document.

"The city cut our budget."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Béjart's XXth Century—Part II

BRUSSELS.

THE DANCE FAN usually takes off for European dance festivals in summer, since they are highly publicized, but he is likely to sit next to herds of familiar beings who seem to have been transplanted from Lincoln Center. At this time of year, there is dance in Europe, but you find yourself sitting beside Europeans and discovering what *they* think about European dance. Here in Brussels there have been few tourists, although the weather has been mild, and trips to Ghent and fabulous Bruges (an entire city that is a museum) have seen a paucity of foreigners. At the theater, Belgians have expressed, through standing ovations, what *they* think of their own ballet wunderkind, Maurice Béjart, and his Ballet of the 20th Century (WORLD OF DANCE, Dec. 12), which will make its American debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on January 25.

I first saw the Béjart troupe not at the national opera (Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie) but at the Cirque Royal (which, you'll be glad to know, in Flemish is Koninklijk Circus), where the stage is a thrust apron, and where the audience surrounds the performers on all but one side. The all-Béjart program (it is always all-Béjart) was composed of Ravel's *Boléro* (a comparatively early Béjart) for one girl and forty men; Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, totally different in concept from either the original Nijinska ballet or the recent Robbins one; and the brand-new *Firebird*, danced to the Stravinsky suite and not to the full ballet score.

None of the three was originally slated for the Brooklyn repertory engagement, but the enormous success of *Firebird* has convinced almost everyone involved with the New York season that it must be seen, perhaps at the close of the second week, or perhaps during an extension of the engagement.

This *Firebird* is truly a remarkable creation. Its principal figure is not a ballerina but a male dancer; it is not staged as a Russian ballet but, rather, as an abstract work. It is not a telling of a fairy tale but, instead, a distillation of the promise of a bright tomorrow which all fairy tales contain. For here there is a Firebird who breathes life into man's consciousness, who flashes brilliantly across the spectrum, but who must die. But as he dies, he is replaced by the phoenix—the bird reborn from ashes—and there is a hope of tomorrow.

Some Americans and some Belgians have read a political message into this *Firebird*, but Béjart says no, that his ballet is about Stravinsky's music and about the act of life. I think that what he has given us in the male figure, clad only in scarlet leotard-tights combination, is a modern-day Prometheus. I have seen two casts and both are superb. The first was headed by one of the finest men dancers in the theater today, Paolo Bortoluzzi; the second by Jorge Donn, also a brilliant dancer—they alternated in the roles of the Firebird and the Phoenix. Indeed, the male contingent of the Ballet of the 20th Century is strong and handsome and effective in a variety of assignments.

The girls of the troupe are equally distinguished. Maina Gielgud (niece of Sir John) has the actor's profile of face along with a body profile that marks an exquisite dancer. Duska Sifnios and Tania Bari are also among the superb dancers, and fascinating ladies, of the company. Whatever New Yorkers may think of Béjart's choreography, they are certain to find exhilaration in dancers with first-class technical prowess, personal attractiveness, and a delightful combination of sexiness and very calculated (by Béjart) theatricality.

I need not go into much detail about *Les Noces* and *Boléro*—since America won't see them—except as they point

(*Continued on page 51*)

—*Oscar, Brussels*

Queen Fabiola, King Baudouin, Suzanne Farrell, Maurice Béjart

WHATEVER HAPPENED to Suzanne Farrell, protégée of the world's most renowned choreographer, George Balanchine? As dance fans will recall, she left Balanchine's New York City Ballet, where she was the undisputed favorite (Balanchine had created the full-length *Don Quixote* with Farrell as the star), for she didn't want to be a protégée anymore, but, instead, the wife of a fellow dancer of her own age, Paul Mejia. Mejia's roles were taken away from him at the New York City Ballet, his wife stood by him, and both left under a cloud of displeasure.

After a series of career moves, which included months of fighting off leg injuries, Suzanne Farrell and her husband joined Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century. The injuries are gone: "For the first time in my career I have a good jump"; the young couple (he grew from a child *Nutcracker* Prince into a distinguished *Nutcracker* Cavalier) live happily in Brussels as busy expatriates (without a telephone).

Without question, Suzie is a ballerina and, potentially, one of the great dancers of our day. She needs a guide. I watched Béjart guide her in his "private approach" to dance. It was an erotic *pas de deux* in which ballet kicks, arabesques, and pirouettes were combined with torso contractions, lunges, and a curiously feral walk. With her long legs, high extension, and litheness, she looked marvelous. Her innocent face and very cool execution of a movement were coupled with the free beauty of a creature of the woods. Here, too, were discipline and drive, as in Béjart, and here was a onetime precocious dancer finding new directions. A little more than a year ago, Suzanne Farrell had only a single "B" in her life, "Mr. B," as Balanchine is known. The accompanying photo shows that, as in the world of music with its three classical Bs, the former Roberta Sue Ficker of Cincinnati, may have lost her Balanchine, but that she has been recognized by two other "B"s: His Majesty King Baudouin, who with his Queen Fabiola graciously received her, and by Béjart, who is calmly convinced that she will be one of the brightest stars of his Ballet of the 20th Century.

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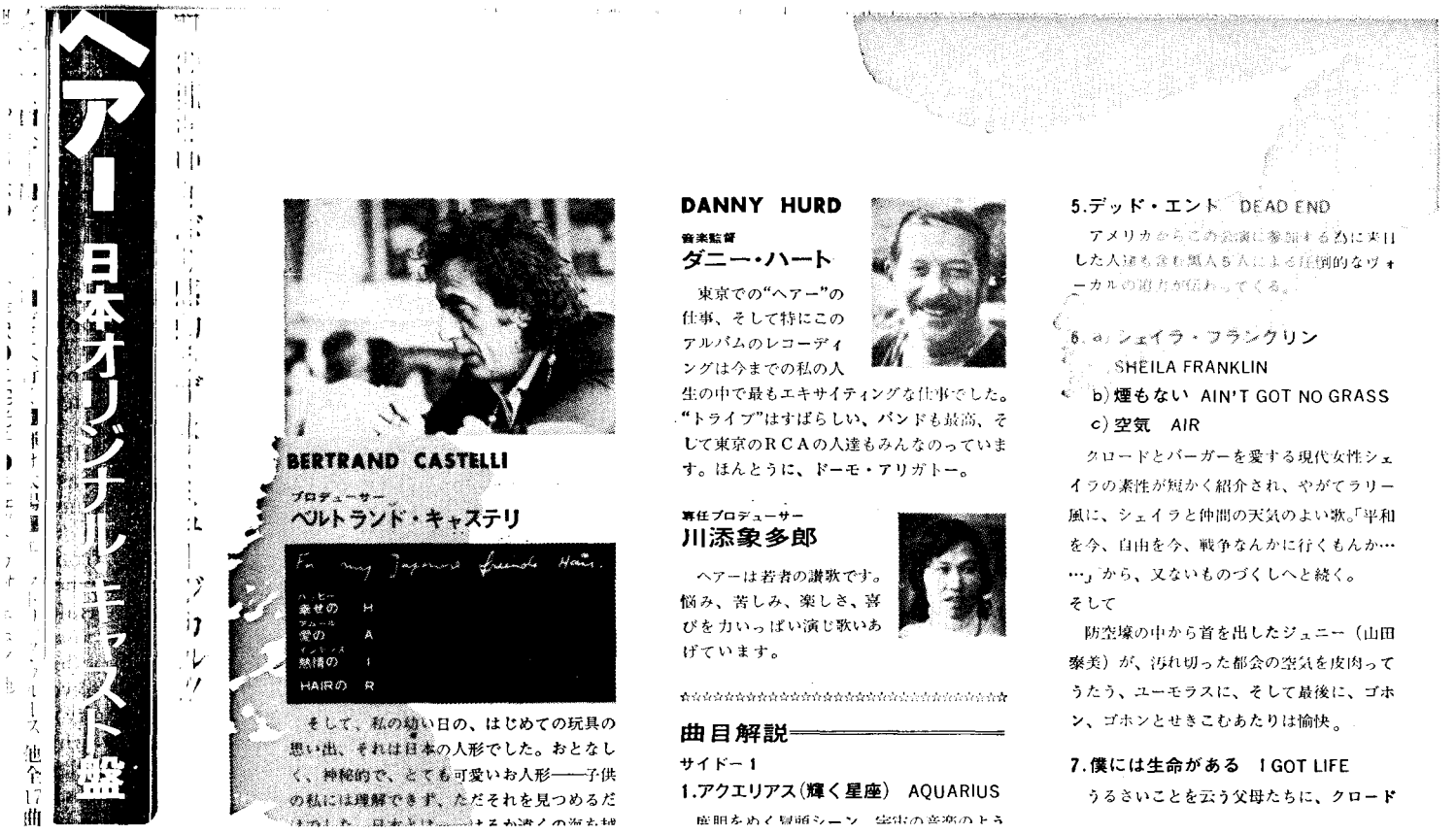

Japanese "Hair"—"Can you believe the 'Age of Aqualius' or 'Hale Klishna'? . . . a total delight."

ROCK 1970: A LEVEL OF EXCELLENCE

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by ELLEN SANDER

This year has seen the death of rock's underground phase, and it is something to record with mixed emotions. It has been a year of notable transition for pop music, which has, for all times, come up off the streets, despite the resistance of those whose special area has been preempted. Nostalgic resentment to the contrary, pop's importance carries it to more people in more ways with more far-reaching implications than ever before, diluting some aspects of itself, but significantly increasing the saturation of others.

No longer can pop be regarded as a street-elite cultural entity; whereas it was always of the street in origin (and global by intent), it is now becoming demographically pervasive in presence, achieving what it has been crying for all along, then whining that something is lost. Pop's existence has generated vast ramifications, such as rock films, rock musicals, and epics, as well as parallel developments in publishing, radio, and visual arts. And it has, happily, become increasingly more professional.

By this I don't mean to suggest that slick production and consistency of performance are the defining factors of rock for the Seventies. The down-home albums—personal, self-contained, and unadorned—have come into rock more solidly than ever, beginning with *McCartney*, pretty Paulie's mimeographed letter from home, and culminating with Dylan's *New Morning*, a whole, honest, endearingly uncomplicated album.

In it, Dylan sings with an energy, joy, vocal momentum, and gut enthusiasm we haven't heard from him in years. What beautiful company *New Morning* is, and no better criterion for a pop album exists.

We can hear Dylan's beefy piano, his contemplation of the necessity of seclusion ("sign on the window says lonely, sign on the door says no company allowed"), but most importantly we can *feel* his invigorating involvement with music again. Parenthetically, as has been his dependably instinctive perception, he has indicated the shape and direction of pop: personal, professional, musical expansion without contextual impediment.

The chip on the shoulder of pop music is no longer its most salient feature, having been burned into ashes through

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the spontaneous combustion of its own proclivity for growth. Invention is the child of vision, and it is quite clear at this point that rock 'n' roll musicians are reaching for a wider audience (and vice versa), realizing that continued acceptance depends on more than cultish appeal. There is an awareness that the music they create must break more frontiers to come beyond teenism, if it is to renew itself for a fresh generation unimpressed with precedent.

If this year has been exciting for its wealth and variety of pop-musical eminence, it has been just as notable for an abundance of indulgence, excess, and artistic overreach.

I would have thought, for instance, that some of the talents involved would have had more pride than was shown by the release of such inferior albums as *John B. Sebastian, Déjà Vu* (Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young), and *Stage Fright* (The Band). Along the way Eric Clapton has all but blown his musical credibility. As if the disastrous Blind Faith extravaganza was not enough, the *Derek and the Dominoes* album is pointless and boring. The Dominoes are a tight band, and Clapton's legendary facility with a guitar is undiminished, but you would never know it from this basket case of an album.

I don't mean to make a target of Clapton. It is his instincts, not his talents, that are out of synch, and he is certainly not alone, nor by any means the worst offender, in depositing garbage into the vault of a guaranteed personal audience. Dylan's *Self-Portrait* was an abomination. *Let It Be* became the (unfortunately) final Beatle album by sheer indifference. Stephen Stills's overcrowded solo album tried to touch every base, missing almost all of them. With the exception of his lyrics, it suffered from a total lack of individuality. He used the same old gang of musicians overheard on many too many albums (the Delaney and Bonnie, Leon Russell, Joe Cocker clique). Surprisingly, Dave Mason's album, *Alone Again*, with those same musicians, is the one record that surpasses them. It remains a treasure of a music only beginning in newness. But there is too much of Stills's album (all of it good stuff, mind you) at one level of volume; his production is typically out of joint with his engineering. The mixing does not even begin to clear the tangled melodic, vocal, and rhythmic lines, and, with the exception of perhaps two selections, the album is an expensive demonstration of musical overweight.

Elton John—"a skyrocketing newcomer."

Of course, all of these albums are smash sellers; by virtue of those artists' previous works they were destined to be gold records. It's not as if nobody wanted them; all I'm saying is that they were a breach of trust, long a respectfully regarded factor in the relationship between pop artist and audience.

As with the personal following of Stills, Neil Young's came by way of association with groups—precisely the same groups—but Young's solo album is a personal triumph, a fascinating and intensely rewarding helping of music. His songs are so peculiar—the high quiver of his vocalizations, his unique flair for linguistic inflection are as provocative as ever. With *After the Gold Rush* (a rather cynical title, probably referring to CSN&Y) he has defined them in a precise, sensitive, and spare instrumental structure. He has translated the intentions of each song with a deftness and imagination that provide as intimate an experience as has ever graced any great era of pop music.

Solo albums by Elton John, a skyrocketing newcomer, and James Taylor, long a cult darling, have got the recognition they deserve purely on individual terms. By the same token, Ringo's *Beaucoups of Blues*, so protective and perfect a presentation of a vastly underestimated singing talent, and George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass* are albums that delight in their individuality while recognizing, but not relying on, a former mode of expression.

Atom Heart Mother by Pink Floyd closes the year as majestically and mysteriously as Simon and Garfunkel's *Bridge over Troubled Waters* opened it. The soundtrack album of *Performance* finally gave credence to the idea that a soundtrack album could have the reality and identity of a complete rock album. Nothing is more indicative of this than the recently released Japanese album of *Hair*. Consider that no other single rock phenomenon has come to be embraced as enthusiastically as *Hair* over such a vast distance. Continuous performances all over the world simultaneously probably have turned more people on to the fun of it all than the rest of rock put together (with the possible exception of the Beatles' compacted influence). Hip grudges aside, *Hair* is as important as the Beatles, and the American release of the Japanese cast recording is a total delight. It is not without its own intrinsic humor (a quality conspicuously missing from most of rock this year). Can you believe the "Age of Aqualius" or "Hale Klishna"? Listen to "Air" with its complaints, in Japanese, of urban pollution, sung deep in the heart of Tokyo (the world's most asphyxiating city). For its genuine musical audacity (the lyrical use of syllables as tone vehicles compensates for linguistic barriers), the Japanese *Hair* recording must be considered one of *the* rock albums of the year.

But there's more. *In a Wild Sanctuary* accomplished the amazing feat of broadening the tonal language of pop; and *The Last Poets*, finally popular, accomplished a musical result out of poetic utterance straight from the torment of the black revolutionary culture. It is as important to the field of recordings as *Soul on Ice* is to publishing and, like the latter, is totally without sacrifice, commercialism, or excuses.

Three Dog Night and Creedence Clearwater Revival both continue to manufacture formulized, crisp, highly definitive music with great success, and by manufacture I do not allude to contrivance, but craft, for whose technical proficiency I have a thorough respect.

I am secretly disappointed by the lack of response to *Siren* but hope less secretly that their future musical contributions will bring along their presently ignored album. It remains a fierce favorite of the few who had to search hard to find it in the first place.

Jesus Christ Superstar is an impressive transmogrification of the formalization of rock. Unfortunately, it is called a rock opera, and, just as the Who's *Tommy* was rock but not opera, *J. C. Superstar* is neither. At best an operetta, it is in no way rock. Regardless, it's a dramatically effective and esthetically successful work, very likely creating its own acceptance.

After five years, the Grateful Dead have made an album with a conspicuous understanding of the difference be-

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tween a recording and a performance. *Workingman's Dead* remains one of the most beloved releases of this year of rock, so tasty and organized in structure, so engagingly substantial for its pure, genuine rock 'n' roll songs, admirable for their restraint in execution.

We are also enjoying a retrospective flow of repackaged rock; Jefferson Airplane and the Doors both have released albums of historical previous works. Joan Baez and Peter, Paul, and Mary are being commemorated by albums celebrating their decade of musical integrity. A recording of the Monterey Pop Festival performances of Jimi Hendrix and Otis Redding ironically turned out to be a posthumous document of the former as well as the latter; the deaths of Hendrix and Janis Joplin, both so devastatingly wasteful, can only give those who believe in rock's conscience something to use when grappling with drugs.

Paul Kantner's individual (as opposed to solo) album, *Blows Against the Empire*, explores several beautiful and innovative avenues of his musical vision. One side is a science fiction story, at once charming and insolent, lyrical and vivid, as it unfolds a space-age adventure. The other sings of a life-style caught in the motion and beauty of birth and growth.

Despite the few but blatantly misguided attempts at overglorified personal albums, 1970 has produced a surprisingly conclusive amount of fine pop albums. It may seem as if there are no singularly exciting albums or trends, but in reality there are so many that we are beginning to take a level of excellence for granted. Certainly, there never again will be the explosion of excitement that *Sergeant Pepper* created in its time or the shock of joy that Woodstock generated only a year and a few months ago. Pop cannot duplicate the impact of such magic eruptions; it has become too big to be transcended by any single song, album, festival, or group. A tinge of disappointment can be detected among those who, since its rebirth in the early mid-Sixties, have been cheering it on to where it has come today—saturating, inspiring, and reflecting the clumsy beginnings of awakening of "Consciousness III." With so much gain, a very personal and vicarious aspect of being a rock fan has been lost.

I, for one, am vastly encouraged by the quantum leap this much-maligned mulatto music has accomplished with such spectacular flash (even though that flash may well be either a thing of the past or simply an expected ingredient, among others). It is immensely more reasonable to dig it as music once again.

Two (and a Half) Cheers For "Anna Bolena"

Except for the now unexpected and, in the present condition of the art of music, unlikely appearance of several composers able to create new operas of widespread appeal, nothing else can be imagined that would be as good for the health of opera as a freshening of the repertoire by relatively unheard works of the past. We always should find on the seasonal announcements the names of Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi, and perhaps those of Puccini and Richard Strauss. But sooner or later, to begin with, we must find there, and not represented by just one or two "warhorses," the names of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Weber. A steady awareness of events operatic on a worldwide scale makes it clear that at least the Donizetti revival is gathering momentum. Out of the pages of encyclopedias, and from differing degrees of recent obscurity, have been returning such of his operas as *Anna Bolena, Belisario, La Favorite, La Fille du régiment, Lucrezia Borgia, Maria Stuarda, Poliuto,* and *Roberto Devereux.*

Those reappearances naturally are being reflected in the recording industry, as well as in the market for "pirated" versions. Now, for the first time, we have a substantially complete recording of one of the finest of Donizetti's seventy or so operas: *Anna Bolena* (London stereo, OSA 1436, $23.92). Silvio Varviso conducts the Vienna State Opera Chorus and Orchestra, with Elena Souliotis (now so spelled) as Anna, Marilyn Horne as Giovanna di Seymour, Janet Coster as Smeton, John Alexander as Riccardo Percy, Nicolai Ghiaurov as Enrico VIII, Stafford Dean as Rochefort, and Piero di Palma as Hervey. To quote E. M. Forster, two cheers!

Those cheers are for the librettist, Felice Romani, and for Donizetti, who between them created a sturdy and moving opera. Then they are for John Alexander, who sings and characterizes magnificently—though, like nearly all of his colleagues, he omits the trills integral to Donizetti's style. Only a little less enthusiastically, the cheers go to Marilyn Horne, who has vocal resources and technique to spare, but who often fails to focus sharply enough on the effect to be desired, both musical and dramatic. Still a little less avidly, they go to Nicolai Ghiaurov, who is too weighty and heavy-handed for Henry VIII—and to Miss Coster and the Messrs. Dean and Di Palma.

That the third cheer is not forthcoming is owing to Elena Souliotis, who nevertheless must be thanked for a concentrated and brave, in fact a noble, attempt, successful in many passages, to sing a role for which she seems not to be equipped technically. In a real sense, *Anna Bolena* slopes upward from its opening to the astonishing final scene, in which the condemned girl sings two of Donizetti's most moving numbers: the quiet and touching "Al dolce guidami" and the explosive "Coppia iniqua." To omit the trills is damaging in the former; in the latter, it is equivalent to singing wrong notes. When, climaxing the entire opera, Anna pronounces *con forza* her forgiveness of the King and her successor, the sextuple consecutive rising trills (sung twice) on B-flat, C, D, E-flat, F, and F-sharp are the composer's means of dyeing the music and the dramatic juncture a very particular, special color. Miss Souliotis sings those notes unornamented, so that when the opera should peak in intensity, it goes slack. To find out what sorcery therefore lies unawakened in this finale, one must turn to a "bootleg" recording and hear Maria Callas sing it as written—and have one's hair stand on end (or, as an alternative, the selections on Angel S-35764, which include the final scene). This is no musicological "quibble"; it is a matter of first importance.

Nevertheless, now, at least, we can hear all of *Anna Bolena*. The accompanying booklet supplied by London Records contains an admirable essay on the opera by Andrew Porter and a useful synopsis of its plot by Peggie Cochrane, who also supplied the sensible English translation given alongside the complete Italian text. Except for three or four places in which Maestro Varviso's orchestra blots out the voices, all mechanical aspects of the recording are admirable. And perhaps, on final thought, we should make it two cheers and a half.

—Herbert Weinstock.

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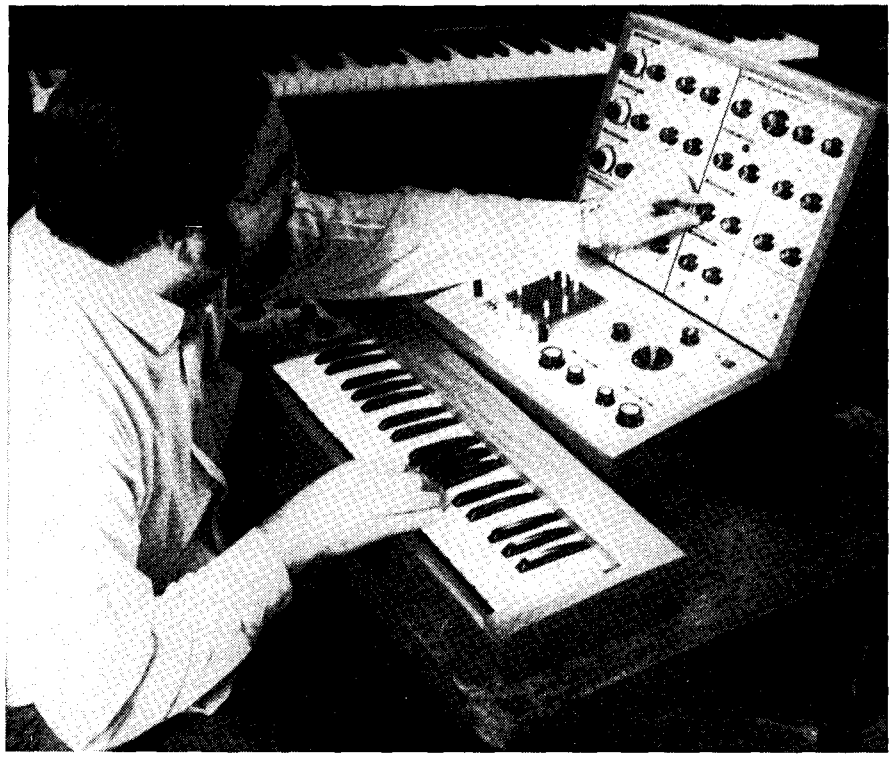
Adventures with a Musical Erector Set

Every time I would hit a clinker, my piano teacher used to cry out, "Just like Shostakovich!" Had she heard what I've been playing at the keyboard for the past two months, she would have run to Shostakovich for support. Because what I've been playing wasn't a piano. It was the first of the home synthesizers—the Putney.

At $1,395 ($1,943 with keyboard), the Putney certainly is not for every home. But it could find its way into a lot of musically adventurous ones; the price, after all, is only about one-third to one-fourth that of a grand piano. At the moment, though, the piano is the more rewarding instrument, at least to those who wish (as do most of us) to play music rather than compose it. There is a large and varied repertoire of music written for the piano. There are teachers everywhere. And if the number of sounds that the piano can make is rather limited, they are all intrinsically good sounds (barring clinkers, which are merely random combinations of good ones).

The synthesizer, on the other hand, has no readily accessible repertoire, few if any teachers, and limitless tonal possibilities—both good and bad. For the synthesizer is not so much an instrument as a musical Erector set, a kit of parts from which you build the tones that suit you, including many a tone, perhaps, that no one else has ever heard before. Select the right pitch, give it the right overtones and the correct attack-delay time envelope, and you can wind up with anything from waves at Jones Beach, or a gong-like balalaika, to the cry of a saber saw in heat.

But you have to program each of these tones separately. So if you want to use the beach, the balalaika, and the saw effect in close sequence, you'll have to hesitate—sometimes stop altogether—between notes to move some plugs and readjust some dials. This is one main reason why the synthesizer is so seldom used for live performances. But in recording, you can stop the tape while you make your adjustments. You'll have difficulty improvising anything worthwhile for your guests, but until more ears get better attuned to electronic music, your guests may well be grateful for this limitation.



The author at a Putney—"the cry of a saber saw in heat."

Not that you can't perform real music on the Putney. Even without the keyboard, you can set up the "joy stick" for fine control of pitch and timbre (or of any two parameters of what you hear), meanwhile adjusting other parameters and making the connections for new notes with your free hand. Since the pitch variations thus produced lie in continuous ranges rather than in a prearrangement of discrete notes, it takes a good ear and a steady hand to get precise effects—but then, so would a fretless banjo or a violin. And with the keyboard (optional), you can play scales of discrete notes, tuning the scale so that one "octave" on the keyboard can correspond to one octave of the usual, well-tempered scale—or to about two full octaves of sound at one end of the range and to a microtonal one-third semitone per keyboard octave at the other. You can even work out crossing scales of simultaneously ascending and descending notes.

But the Putney's keyboard can basically produce but one note or chord at a time, with modulations between the chords taking a lot of dial-twisting and patching. Thus, the kinds of music you can play without a tape to take down each melodic line individually will be limited. The number of tracks on the tape controls the number of voices you can manage; so a stereo recorder is the recommended minimum—one of the new four-channel units would be even better. There *are* expressive possibilities, though. The faster you hit the key, the louder the note that will result.

And you can use the keyboard—or any of the Putney's other signal sources—as a source of control voltages to regulate the way some other portion of the instrument produces tones. For example, one oscillator can be made to warble up and down, its rate, range, and mode of warbling being governed by the frequency, amplitude, and wave shape of another oscillator plugged into the first one's frequency control input. This phenomenon—the control of one signal-producing element by another—is basic to any synthesizer's versatility.

And the Putney synthesizer is quite versatile. In two months, I feel I've only scratched its surface, much as if

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I'd been given one each of all the instruments of a modern orchestra, a book of instructions on their operation, and no music whatsoever to play from. Its facilities, for those who can recognize and compare such things, include: three independently tunable oscillators, with two wave-form outputs each (including sine, triangular, square, and saw-tooth outputs); a white-noise generator, with a tone color control; a ring modulator; a filter oscillator; an envelope generator, with an additional trapezoid-wave output; a reverberation device; level controls for inputs from microphones, the keyboard, or your hi-fi system; output filters; and an additional oscillator built into the keyboard. Control facilities include a joy stick that may be plugged into any of the control inputs and a matrix board where all the interconnections among circuits are made.

The matrix board is one of the Putney's main distinctions from the other "home" (e.g., under $2,000) synthesizers that are starting to follow in its wake. It is a black block punctured by sixteen rows of sixteen holes each. Each of the sixteen signal or control outputs (they can be used interchangeably, with the exception of the two joy stick outputs, which are only for control) commands a horizontal row of holes; each of the eight signal and eight control inputs corresponds to a vertical one.

Connecting the output from a signal source to the input of the next stage is a matter of plugging in a pin at the intersection of the two rows involved; for example, to connect the triangular-wave output of oscillator #2 (output Row 4) to the input of channel #1 (input Row C), one pushes a pin-plug into hole C4. There can be more than one patch in a row, too: An additional patch at K4 would have oscillator #2 simultaneously induce rises and dips in frequency of oscillator #3, and with a further pin at C5, one could feed this warbling note from oscillator #3 into the same channel that oscillator #2 is already feeding.

It sounds more complex than it is. Operation can get fairly swift, once you've learned the locations of the holes (though a few locating lines painted on the face of the matrix board would help you find holes far from the marked edges with more certainty). Connections can also be preset by dropping pins loosely into the holes; they don't make actual contact until you firmly press them home.

The Putney's new and forthcoming competitors use other systems. The Arp 2600, for example, uses the classic system familiar to anyone who has ever seen a photo of a studio-size synthesizer in operation: a series of patch

cables that go visibly from one hole in the panel to another. This system makes it easy to follow your connections and see where they're going, but can result in a tangle if you're using many of them.

The little Moog, on the other hand, uses rocker switches to make and break connections. This means that you can alter your notes rapidly, but it would seem to limit the number of potential alterations. And the ElectroComp, which uses patch boards and a pushbutton-telephone-type keyboard, would seem to offer easy ways to make unusual tone and scale combinations, but to be harder to play conventionally than the other three, which have piano keyboards.

Also available soon will be an inexpensive synthesizer that plays itself, the Muse by Triadex. Sliding switches on the Muse determine the number of notes you want to use, the rhythmic pattern, and the intervals; the unit then goes on ringing changes from the basic pattern until you change it to another one. According to the manufacturers, it will continue without repeating itself for about thirty years. But this, of course, is electronic music's answer to the music box, not to the piano.

—Ivan Berger.

For further information:

Putney Synthesizer:
Ionic Industries,
128 James Street,
Morristown, N.J. 07960

Arp Synthesizer:
Tonus, Inc.,
45 Kenneth Street,
Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161

Moog Synthesizer:
R. A. Moog Co.,
Trumansburg, N.Y. 14886

ElectroComp Synthesizer:
Electronic Music Labs, Inc.,
P.O. Box H,
Talcottville, Conn. 06080

Muse Musical Computer:
Triadex, Inc.,
1238 Chestnut Street,
Newton Upper Falls, Mass. 02164

"Synthesis" magazine ($3 per year):
1315 Fourth Street S.E.,
Minneapolis, Minn. 55414

The Sound of the Sixties

I Can Hear It Now: The Sixties by Walter Cronkite and Fred W. Friendly, Columbia, M3X 30353, $17.98.

John Updike called it a slum of a decade, and, morally, it may have been precisely that. John F. Kennedy was inaugurated and quickly martyred; Martin Luther King, Jr., went to the mountaintop and was assassinated; Robert F. Kennedy said of Dr. King: "Who knows who will be next?" and the answer was too soon evident. At the other end of the spectrum, *Apollo 8* orbited the moon; Bill Anders in outer space read from Genesis on Christmas Eve; and Neil Armstrong became the first human being to step on the surface of another celestial body, one of the very few happy, optimistic moments of ten fairly depressing news years.

Working with Fred W. Friendly, Edward R. Murrow introduced the first *I Can Hear It Now* album. This scrapbook for the ear, which carried us from 1933 to 1945, became a true collector's item. And now Mr. Friendly has combined his not inconsiderable talents with the persuasive professionalism of Walter Cronkite for six sides of what will have to be in every record library worthy of the name.

The first record begins, quite naturally, with warnings for the decade from President Kennedy, Dr. King, Dwight Eisenhower, Walter Lippmann, and, most telling of the lot, Rachel Carson, whose tiny bit about robins disappearing from an elm tree sprayed with DDT has to be a highlight of the six sides. We hear Kennedy at his Inauguration, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country"; Kennedy on the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion; Kennedy saying to the German mob, *"Ich bin ein Berliner"*; Kennedy enjoying the best of two educational worlds—a Harvard education and a Yale degree; Kennedy on the Cuban confrontation. Then, suddenly, interrupting the soap opera *As the World Turns*, comes the first tormenting announcement of the President's assassination at midday.

Other characters from Khrushchev to Pablo Casals come and go. Two of the most striking spots are Nixon's conceding defeat for California Governor on November 7, 1962, letting the press have it right between the eyes; and the Ike Pappas eyewitness description of Jack Ruby's murder of Lee Harvey Oswald. Quite naturally, the first record ends with Kennedy's funeral, Cardinal Cushing's scratchy voice saying the comforting words, then taps forever.

Lyndon B. Johnson is now President

(Continued on page 48)

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Recordings in Review

"Nuits d'été" by Four

BERLIOZ: *Les Nuits d'été. Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Josephine Veasey, mezzo; Frank Patterson, tenor; and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; with Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. "La Belle Voyageuse" (Armstrong); "Le Chasseur danois" (Shirley-Quirk); "La Captive" (Veasey); "Le Jeune Pâtre breton" (Patterson); "Zaïde" (Armstrong). Davis conducting.* Philips stereo, 6500-009, $5.98.

THE DAVIS IDEAS on Berlioz are mostly good and always at least worth listening to. Hence the cachet for having *Les Nuits d'été* performed by a panel of four singers rather than the single one generally considered appropriate invites investigation. The composer himself first thought of the six-part sequence for either mezzo and piano, or tenor and piano. When he came to orchestrate them (fifteen years after they were composed in 1841) he broadened the latitude of choice to include *more* than one voice—so annotator David Cairns tells us—if not four.

For those to whom a single-voice version is familiar (Eleanor Steber's is still the best, but there are others by Leontyne Price, Régine Crespin, and Janet Baker), habit alone will be a wall of resistance to change. Others, of a more open-minded disposition, may ponder the difficulty of finding four singers equally attuned to the rarefied idiom of Berlioz, the problem of finding one being well known. In the end, it is the later complication that causes the idea to succumb, whether or not one considers the operation a success.

To judge from her effort here, I should prefer the set of six sung by Miss Veasey, whose performance of "Le Spectre de la rose" is altogether admirable. However, that is all she does sing, with Miss Armstrong being awarded "Absence" and "L'Île inconnue," Patterson both "Villanelle" and "Au cimetière," and Shirley-Quirk—the next best singer to Miss Veasey—only "Sur les lagunes." Taken as a whole, the sequence suffers from inconsistency not only of voice and style but also of quality—which is sufficient to torpedo any idea, no matter how good. The final verdict would be: No matter how good an idea it may be in theory, it fails in the practice.

Josephine Veasey—"performance of 'Le Spectre de la rose' is altogether admirable."

Just to make matters worse for the devotee of Berlioz, the disposition of favor on Side Two is again contra Veasey ("La Captive") and Shirley-Quirk ("Le Chasseur danois"), pro Armstrong ("La Belle Voyageuse" and "Zaïde") and Patterson ("Le Jeune Pâtre breton"). Writing about a project intended to honor Berlioz in the Nineties, Debussy referred to him as one who "never had any luck." Eighty years later, the same would appear to be true. Thanks to the influence of Davis, the performances are stylistically sound and orchestrally adept, but, simply, not the best that could have been arranged, even in the circumstances.

The Bruckner Side Of Zubin Mehta

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 4 (Romantic). Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.* London stereo, CS 6695, $5.98.

ZUBIN MEHTA conducting Bruckner? The erstwhile swinger, sponsor of programs relating rock and Reger, assuming to profane the holiest of holies? Somebody must be kidding.

Whoever it may be, it is not Mehta. Whatever he may be on the outside, he is an undefilable musician on the inside. No doubt, in the perspective of history, this will become known (in Mehta's treatment) as Bruckner's "Neo-Romantic," in the sense that the Stravinskyan "Neo-Classic" implies a reconsideration, revaluation, and reappraisal of all the values associated with the terminology "Classic." This is not to say that it will attract uniform support and undivided approval. Nothing dies harder than a generation whose time has come.

In the case of Bruckner, the generation that is defending the ramparts and repulsing (intellectually, at least) the infidels is, for the most part, one cycle removed from the source. So that, for all their protestations, they are no more possessed of privileged information than those who are disputing their right to it. In Mehta's instance, the contest has mostly to do with sonority and thickness, and their true relevance to Bruckner's ideas.

So far as this particular work is concerned, a lighter, airier, more malleable texture of the sort Mehta projects is not merely equally germane to Bruckner's orchestral purpose, but actually contributory to its thought content. As an instance, the dubious may sample the treatment of the Scherzo, a special part of the context in which the word "Romantic" has been applied to this score, as identified with the *Wald*, the "forest," as a symbol of romantic mystery and legend. Mehta apprehends the opposed elements with which Bruckner is working as part of a dialogue whose definition adds much to the sense of a whole. On the other hand, when power and volume are of the essence, as in the finale, he is not remiss.

The outcome of a new approach to a familiar subject may be, very well, how clearly it is viewed as an object. In the instance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 4 in E flat (formerly known as the *Romantic*, now the "Neo-Romantic") Mehta's gaze is steady, clear, and whole. No recording supervisor is credited on the record jacket, but whoever had the responsibility served it well.

Menotti's "Old Maid"

MENOTTI: *The Old Maid and the Thief. Anna Reynolds, mezzo; Margaret Baker, soprano; Judith Blegen, soprano; and John Reardon, baritone; with the Orchestra of the Teatro Verdi di Trieste conducted by Jorge Mester.* Mercury stereo, SR 90521, $5.98.

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI is so often reproached by captious critics (if the tautology may be pardoned) for not being what they think he owes them to be—a master of lyric tragedy on a grand scale—that he is too seldom given credit for being what he is—a *petit maître* of a style and manner entirely his own. Those who have been exposed to his works as they have accumulated will readily agree that from the first (*Amelia al Ballo* in 1937) Menotti has, in the main, sounded like Menotti and no one else.

Others may discover the same truism on investigation of this latest addition to his recorded works. A product of 1939, when radio was sufficiently prosperous—and enterprising—to commission a young composer of accomplishment to measure himself to its

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requirements, *The Old Maid and the Thief* is an adroit embodiment of everything it sets out to be. Defined by the composer himself as "more or less stock *commedia dell' arte*," it transcends its genre to make a pair of ladies, who think they are entertaining a thief, credibly residents of a Philadelphia suburb rather than merely distant descendants of Goldoni. This is achieved through words and text as well as by attitudes and ideas, no small achievement for a young man of Italian extraction whose procedure, then, was to write a text in his native tongue and translate it into the adopted one. His fluency in setting the results to music was, and remains, one of the wonders of the day.

However, like the man hoisted by his own petard (a petard, in this usage, being an explosive that sometimes backfired to destroy the user, rather than the object of its use), Menotti's fluency could be an enemy as well as an ally. The ability to dash off a little fugue here, a melodic canon there, began as a neat solution to a problem in *The Old Maid and the Thief* but, in the rehearing, projects itself as the starting point for a similar effect in *The Medium*, *The Consul*, and other things down to the recent *Globolinks*. But there we go—being as captious a critic as the next one, when the original intention was to say "Welcome *The Old Maid* and happy to hear you sounding so well."

Among those contributing most to the outcome are three members of Menotti's current stock company: baritone John Reardon, who is ideally suited to such fanciful parts, soprano Judith Blegen (who will always sound like Emily in *Globolinks*, no matter what she performs), and conductor Mester, who was in charge of the recent remake of *The Medium* and qualifies all over again as a Menotti expert here. The articulation of the text is particularly good, and eloquent evidence of the skill with which words and music are joined.

Josef Lhevinne In the Round

CHOPIN: *Polonaise in A flat; Etude in A minor (Op. 25, No. 11); Etude in E flat (Op. 10, No. 11); Etude in G-sharp minor (Op. 25, No. 6); Etude in B minor (Op. 25, No. 10); Prelude in A flat (Op. 28, No. 17); Prelude in B-flat minor (Op. 28, No. 16).* SCHUMANN: *Toccata (Op. 7); Frühlingsnacht (arranged by Liszt).* STRAUSS, J., JR.: *Blue Danube Waltz. Josef Lhevinne, piano.* DEBUSSY: *Fêtes (arranged by Ravel). Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, two pianos.* RCA Victrola, VIC 1544, $2.98.

THE RECENT APPEARANCE of a recording bearing Josef Lhevinne's name makes all the more pertinent the reappearance of one that embodies his spirit. The first, of course, was the one offering a series of transcriptions from piano rolls in which the primary virtue was the sound of the piano as he might have struck it. Here is a reprise (not the first, but technically perhaps the best) of a cross section of the discs he made between 1928 (the *Blue Danube* Waltz) and 1936 (almost all the others).

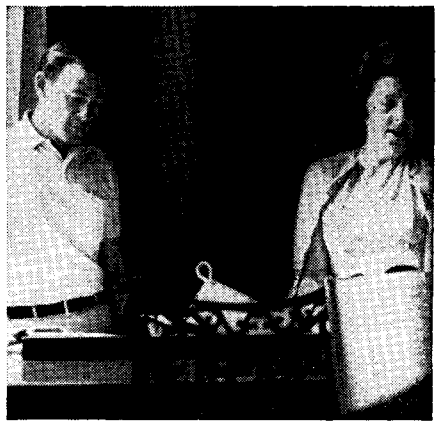
As a cross section, it embodies a variety of values, from the exalted to the unflattering. Nothing in the latter category relates to execution, for he was, in all circumstances, a paragon where pianism was concerned. But some recollections of him as a "player" rather than as an artist are supported by his A-flat Prelude and the liberties he allows himself in the A-minor Etude (Op. 25, No. 11). But there is a towering, tempestuous, altogether phenomenal B-flat-minor Prelude to justify any allegations of any kind about his range and power as an interpreter.

The Racial Bias In Music (Serious)

DETT: *In the Bottoms.* KERR: *Easter Monday Swagger.* STILL: *Three Visions.* WORK: *Scuppernong.* WALKER: *Sonata No. 1.* CUNNINGHAM: *Engrams'.* CHAMBERS: *Sound-Gone.* SMITH, HALE: *Evocation.* WILSON: *Piece for Piano and Electronic Sounds.* Natalie Hinderas, piano. Desto, DC 7102-3, $11.98.

FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE that the goddess of music, like her counterpart for justice, is blind—but, let us hope, not deaf—there is something disaffecting and alienating about a project dedicated to the advancement of "Music by Black Composers." If there should be a similar project on behalf of poets, would Pushkin qualify as half-black or half-white? Nobody who esteems Ernest Bloch would insult him by imputing such esteem to a fanciful distinction as a "Jewish composer." *Schelomo* either is a good piece or not, because it is better without regard for any comparisons with the *Kol Nidrei* of Bruch (who was, incidentally, *not* a Jewish composer).

Allowing for the possibility that those who conceived this project are sincerely interested in the future of American music, it would have been much more creditable for it to embody a broad, unrelated vista of American music—first recordings, previously unperformed pieces, or whatever—than a narrow, inbred one. In such a context, it would be meaningful for George Walker's Sonata to be recognized as the equal or superior of one by Rochberg, say, or Sessions. It is no distinction at all for it to be presented, as it here is, with the meaningless if unspoken distinction that it is the best by a black composer that could be found.



—*James C. Smith, Jr.*

John Reardon and Anna Reynolds: "ideally suited to such parts."

It is, for that matter, somewhat difficult to determine just what is meant by a "black" composer. Is it Nathaniel Dett, whose "Juba Dance" was being performed forty years ago, before Birmingham, before confrontations, before Negroes became blacks? If so, why is it not Duke Ellington and Fats Waller? Or are they being discriminated against—in a reverse kind of bias—merely because their music made it, and that of some others didn't? That, it would seem to me, would be wielding the same tar brush that is being objected to when it is in the hands of the other side.

Walker's Sonata strikes me as an excellent example of a contemporary creation that would profit much more from being exhibited in juxtaposition with other similar works by Smit or Barber or Diamond. Likewise the attractive *Sound-Gone* of Stephen A. Chambers, identified as the youngest of the composers represented, whose kindred spirits include not merely Chou Wen-chung and Charles Whittenberg but Hall Overton and Ornette Coleman. To defend the ideology by which black composers are presented in a segregated group as some kind of unintegrated entity is, for those responsible, merely to endorse by inference the same kind of segregation they deplore in others.

Miss Hinderas is a pianist of many excellent attributes. Born in Cleveland, educated at the Oberlin Conservatory, and beneficiary of studies with Olga Samaroff and Eduard Steuermann, she has appeared in New York's Town Hall and is now an assistant professor at Temple University. There is nary a black credit among these, nor are any required to identify her as a fine technician, a sensitive interpreter, and a creditable representative of her race (human).

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 in C minor. The New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez. *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage.* John Alldis Choir. Columbia stereo, M 30085, $5.98.	If any record may be designated as the one most likely to discourage people from listening to Beethoven, this is it (with some close competition, to be sure, from the one of Glenn Gould identified below). Boulez's determined avoidance of the logical, inevitable, well-considered way of performing this work can only be termed a triumph of the arbitrary, the mannered, and the ill-advised. The deliberate opening of the first movement sounds like a replay, in all seriousness, of Nikisch's inaccurately (most likely) reproduced effort, while the introduction	of a repeat in the Scherzo expresses Boulez's greater belief in a thesis of a student than the considered thought of the composer who had viewed and reviewed the manuscript, the proofs, and the printed score a hundred times and couldn't possibly have been guilty of the "carelessness" attributed to him by Boulez. Indeed, Beethoven lived for nearly twenty years after the work's completion and had ample time in which to reconsider such a "mistake." The cantata is well performed and useful to have.
Beethoven: Variations in C minor; Variations in F major (Op. 34); and Variations in E flat (Op. 35). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia stereo, M 30080, $5.98.	Those interested in the macabre kind of "unforgettable" musical experience have, on the basis of this disc and its predecessor above, a latent experience awaiting them, gruesome beyond all others: a Beethoven collaboration bringing together Boulez as conductor and Gould as pianist. In addition to taking the E-flat Variations apart and putting them together unlike any prior performer of them on records, Gould manages a re-	arrangement of values in the C-minor Variations that makes them even more a bane on the attention than Beethoven (in later life) regretted them to be. The F-major set fares best perhaps because it has the least content. Perhaps the best service a critic can perform is to warn anyone with an affection for one or another of these works to avoid this version of it—it will only spoil the day.
Field: Concerto No. 1 in E flat. Felicja Blumental with the Vienna Chamber Orchestra conducted by Helmuth Froschauer. **Hummel:** Rondo Brillant on a Russian Folk Theme (Op. 98). The same, with the Prague Chamber Orchestra. RCA Victrola stereo, VICS 1533, $2.98.	If there is, in a few years, any concerto between the last of Mozart and the first of Chopin unrecorded (always excluding those of Beethoven), it will not be the fault of the industrious Mme. Blumental, who seems to devote her days to unearthing odd manuscripts and her nights to recording them. These are not two of the most rewarding, though both names are worthy, but in any case a desirable addition to what one looks forward to eventually as a totality. Each has a share of the composer's well-established manner, though not as much sub-	stance as may be found in some other examples. The Field is a creation of the late 1790s, when the composer was less than seventeen and far from the individual he later became. However, it shows that the florid passages already flowed fluently, his tendency to the languishing well developed. Hummel's (as the opus number suggests) is a work of his middle years, with a sparkle and vivacity that suggest the master improviser. The lengthy program notes by Richard Freed are more discursive than informative and of not much pertinence.
Loewe: "Der Wirtin Töchterlein"; "Süsses Begräbnis"; "Prinz Eugen"; "Der Nöck"; "Heinrich der Vogler"; "Erlkönig"; "Goldschmieds Töchterlein"; "Tom der Reimer"; and "Die Uhr." Theo Adam, bass; with Rudolf Dunckel, piano. Telefunken stereo, SLT 43108, $5.95.	Though Adam is bass enough to sing Hans Sachs (which he did at the Metropolitan in 1969), he has an uncommonly smooth upper register, with an almost baritonal flexibility. Both extremes of sound are put to intelligent, productive use in this very well conceived cross-section of Loewe's song literature. In addition to such ballads as "Prinz Eugen" and "Heinrich der Vogler," for which the heavier sound is enriching, Adam does beautifully with the infrequently heard "Erlkönig." A creation of	1818, meaning that it preceded the publication of Schubert's prodigious achievement by three years, it is no such stroke of imagination, but a charming, sensitively wrought setting nonetheless. For those to whom Loewe is a forbidding name, this collection will melt resistance; for others, it will vie with their treasured old discs of Bender, Bohnen, Schlusnus, or whoever, as well as newer ones by Hotter and Fischer-Dieskau. Rudolf Dunckel is an accomplished associate.
Schubert: *Schwanengesang.* **Ravel:** *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée.* Max van Egmond, baritone; with Irwin Gage, piano. Telefunken stereo, SAT 22509, $5.95.	The lack of prior associations should not deprive the name of Max van Egmond from the credit due to him for outstanding artistry as a lieder singer, especially in the range of Schubert songs included in the so-called *Schwanengesang.* The arbitrary grouping of fourteen songs created by Schubert in the year of his death (1828) does not make it a cycle such as *Die Schöne Müllerin* or *Die Winterreise,* but it does provide a reason for associating such perennially popular matter as the "Ständchen" and "Der Atlas" with the less familiar, equally out-	standing "In der Ferne." Egmond's light baritone-verging-on-tenor doesn't have the spaciousness desirable for a full-formed version of "Der Atlas," but he dissembles this lack skillfully while applying its fine texture and flexibility to "Liebesbotschaft," "Ihr Bild," and even "Der Doppelgänger" in a manner few singers of the day could excel. How he would sound in a concert hall is another matter, but this introductory effort is highly successful. He is skillfully assisted by Irwin Gage, a pianist of Cleveland-Yale-Erik Werba associations.
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 14. Margarita Miroshnikova, soprano; and Yevgeny Vladimirov, basso; with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Barshai. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40147, $5.98.	Time has carried Shostakovich a long way from the inspired satirist of the Polka from *Age of Gold* and the untrammeled spirit of the First Symphony to this Opus 135. Designated a "Symphony No. 14," it is a symphony only in the Mahlerian sense of a song cycle with orchestra. All the texts are non-Russian (García Lorca, Guillaume Apollinaire, Rilke, Wilhelm Küchelbecker), and all are affiliated in the concluding lines of Rilke: "All-powerful is Death. / It is on	watch / Even in the hour of happiness. . . ." It is thus a kind of answer to Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death,* though with no comparable profundity or impact. Best of them, to this taste, is No. 1 of Side 2, a setting of Apollinaire's "On Watch," an apostrophe to a soldier who will "die before nightfall," with clattering xylophone and searing female voice. Both singers are excellent, the recording outstandingly good. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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"Pelléas" by Debussy, Maeterlinck, and Boulez

For a man who only a few years ago wanted to see the world's opera houses demolished, Pierre Boulez has been pursuing a steady course of activity within the tradition-laden walls of the Paris Opéra, Bayreuth, and Covent Garden—all ultimately, it should be added, in tandem with international recording projects. His most recent project is Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, produced with considerable success a year ago at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with a director-designer-cast ensemble Boulez created in order to bring a freshness of approach to a notably difficult work. It is this cast, with Boulez leading the Royal Opera Orchestra, that is now available on Columbia, M3-30119 ($17.98).

As with everything Boulez chooses to touch, he has refused to be intimidated by tradition. In a lengthy article in last summer's Bayreuth *Parsifal* program, he noted that Debussy greatly admired the unique and unexpected sonorities of *Parsifal*—a fact to which *Pelléas* testifies. If Boulez's often dazzling, revelatory reading of *Parsifal* (soon to be available via DGG) brought out a Debussyan transparency and delicate sonorities, so his *Pelléas et Mélisande* has a Wagnerian weight and dramatic fervor not generally associated with this music. As the prolific Boulez (as prolific in his words as with his baton) writes in the well-documented recording booklet, *Pelléas* is a "bourgeois tragedy" filled with love, jealousy, violence, cursing, and murder. The characters, however mysterious, timeless, and mythical, are still part of a common drama. The music and the drama ebb and flow between this realism and a dream-like world. Since the opera's premiere in 1902 it has become identified with elegance and clarity, rather than what Boulez sees as an atmosphere of somberness, heaviness, and savagery. With this goes the influence of Wagner (*Parsifal*), particularly in the quickly composed interludes—"I think it essential to remember the extent to which this opera, long brandished as an aggressive anti-Wagnerian manifesto, finds one of its main sources in Wagner." He calls this "theater of fear and cruelty," demanding power and violence, to restore to it "its mythical dimension and its dramatic force."

These, then, are the keys to Boulez's *Pelléas et Mélisande* realm: a strong, dramatic approach, contrasting the Wagnerian block sonorities with the ravishing instrumental detail with which they vie. His dramatis personae are flesh-and-blood characters who fear, love, and destroy—not in a Verdi, Puccini, or *verismo* sense, certainly, but within the walls of the haunting, timeless atmosphere created by Debussy and Maeterlinck. Even beyond the love of Pelléas and Mélisande is the presence of fear induced by Golaud. Musically this is underlined by the anguish in the Golaud-Mélisande exchange after she loses his ring in the well and the cumulative terror of the Yniold-Golaud scene, built by Boulez to an almost frightening reality. The frenzy builds to a shattering climax in the final Pelléas-Mélisande duet as the crazed Golaud kills his half-brother. The entire performance is meticulously molded by Boulez in terms of rhythm, phrasing, and textural clarity.

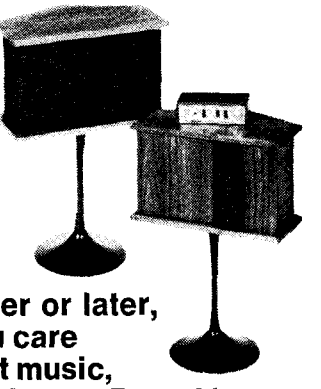
His non-French cast copes quite admirably with the language, faltering only with the difficult "r" sound. The Swedish soprano, Elisabeth Soederstroem, brings to Mélisande both the necessary wide-eyed innocence and a more knowing side—after all, as Maggie Teyte was fond of reminding people, Mélisande has already been raped by Bluebeard! Her tone is pure, and she colors expressively, as in the trembling Act II phrase, *"Je suis malade ici."* American tenor George Shirley has the right quality of voice for Pelléas, since the *tessitura* holds no terror for him and the naturally dusky sound gives his interpretation substance and ardor.

Scotsman David McIntyre is at first a young-sounding Golaud, firm of voice in the scenes of suspicion and self-torture, then grown old and grave after Pelléas's death. David Ward (also Scottish) is eloquent and moving as Arkel, while the young Australian mezzo Yvonne Minton brings a lovely tone to Geneviève's letter-reading scene. Boulez's use of a boy as Yniold (instead of a soprano) in his more realistic conception seems dramatically right, and Anthony Britten fares well with the role. The Columbia engineers have achieved superlative balance between the voices and the splendid Covent Garden Orchestra, bringing to the fore each instrumental solo detail.

—Robert Jacobson.

Andre' Watts'
Accompanist

BALDWIN



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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Ernie and Emilio Caceres: *Ernie and Emilio Caceres.* Ernie Caceres, clarinet and baritone saxophone; Emilio Caceres, violin; Cliff Gillette, piano; Curly Williams, guitar; George Pryor, bass; Joe Cortez, Jr., drums. Audiophile stereo, AP-101, $5.95. (Postpaid: Audiophile Records, Inc., P.O. Box 66, San Antonio, Texas 78206).	Emilio, the older of the two Caceres brothers, is usually forgotten when the scant roster of jazz violinists is called. He is an excellent musician whose classical training often shows, as it did with Eddie South, whom he sometimes resembles. Ernie was always notable for his robustly individual playing of the baritone saxophone, and there are typical examples of it on "Jig in C," "Body and Soul," and "Poor Butterfly." Elsewhere he plays clarinet in an apparently Goodman-inspired manner. The numbers—mostly superior standards—are well chosen, the rhythm section is discreetly capable, and the whole program represents an unpretentious but successful essay in jazz chamber music.
Julian Dash: *A Portrait of Julian Dash.* Dash, tenor saxophone; Cliff Smalls, piano; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; George Foster, drums. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8106, $5. (Postpaid: Master Jazz Recordings, Inc., Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.)	Although Dash first came into prominence with the Erskine Hawkins band in the late Thirties, little has been heard of him in recent years. He is a relaxed, melodic player who still reveals the influence of the late Chu Berry. His colleagues here, with the exception of Hinton, have likewise been out of the limelight. Shirley, who was much in demand for recording in the mid-Forties, clearly revels in this new opportunity and makes the most of it. Smalls, recently heard in Sy Oliver's band, plays attractively as soloist and accompanist, and Hinton turns in an impressive bowed chorus on "Don't Blame Me," one of two duets in which Dash participates. The other, with Shirley, is "Two Shades of Blue."
Erroll Garner: *Feeling Is Believing.* Garner, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Gerald Jemmott, Fender bass (on one track only); Jimmie Smith, Joe Cocuzzo, or Charlie Persip, drums; Jose Mangual, conga. Mercury stereo, SR-61308, $4.98.	The startling introduction to "For Once in My Life," the first selection, is reassuring. After an absence of over two years, Garner is back on records, totally undiminished, rhythmically positive, unmistakably himself. Five of the numbers are songs of relatively recent popularity, and five are Garner originals. While his treatment of the familiar is always arresting, there seem to be additional depth and a wider imaginative range on his own compositions. The long versions of "You Turned Me Around" and "The Loving Touch" are particularly enjoyable, but there really isn't a dull track anywhere on this record.
Bobby Henderson: *A Home in the Clouds.* Henderson, piano. Halcyon stereo, 102, $5.98. (Postpaid: Halcyon Records, Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.)	This set was fortunately recorded a few months before Henderson's untimely death last year. Billie Holiday's first accompanist and a great admirer of Fats Waller, he worked mainly as an intermission pianist and entertainer, seldom if ever with bands. These facts are all reflected in his richly discursive, two-handed style. The melodic character of each number is respected and investigated more thoroughly and sensitively than is nowadays usual with pianists whose primary concern is the harmonic structure. The quality of emotional expression, and its inherent romanticism, dates the music in a sense, but it still communicates strongly, not least on the slow "Blues for Jody Bolden."
James P. Johnson: *Parlor Piano Solos, 1917-21.* Biograph, BLP-1003Q. **Thomas Fats Waller:** *Parlor Piano Solos, 1923-24.* Biograph, BLP-1002Q. **Jelly Roll Morton:** *Blues and Stomps, 1924-26.* Biograph, BLP-1004Q. **Various Artists:** *Parlor Piano Solos, 1917-27.* Biograph, BLP-1001Q. All monaural, $5.98.	These are the fruits of an agreement between Biograph and the QRS company of Buffalo to release on records some of the latter's famous piano rolls. Special care has been devoted to the recording, and to the choice and tuning of the piano, while wrong and "extra" notes have in some cases been corrected. Pumping and the all-important matter of tempos were the responsibility of Michael Montgomery, who wrote the extremely informative liner notes. The end result is decidedly less mechanical than is often the case with transcribed piano rolls, where only ideas survive and the player's personality is reduced or destroyed. There are typical and gratifying passages of stride piano from Johnson and Waller, but it is Morton's idiom that emerges as the most strikingly individual. All three men are heard again on BLP-1001Q, along with eight other pianists, among them Cliff Jackson, Charlie Davenport, and Luckey Roberts.
Houston Person: *Truth!* Person, tenor saxophone; Sonny Phillips, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Frankie Jones, drums; Buddy Caldwell, conga. Prestige stereo, 7767, $4.98.	Person is one of the brighter young talents in the Prestige stable, and so far each of his albums has revealed increasing authority. It is evident here on a casual, relaxed blues that is over nine minutes long, on a "preaching" speciality called "The Pulpit," and on a couple of ballads at slow tempo. There are exciting solos on both "Wadin' " and "On the Avenue" by Billy Butler, who is more impressive here than on his own albums, perhaps because the cares of leadership weigh heavily. Jones is a good drummer, well attuned to Person's mode of expression, and he no more needs the clip-clopping conga than Erroll Garner does on the Mercury set discussed above.
Archie Shepp: *For Losers.* Shepp, tenor and soprano saxophones, with quartet, septet, octet, and nonet. Chinalin Sharpe, Doris Troy, Leon and Tasha Thomas, vocal. Impulse stereo, AS-9188, $5.98.	This might be subtitled "Music to Put Squares On With," for the losers of the title are presumably the squares who buy the album. Some good musicians are involved in a piece called "Un Croque Monsieur" that runs for nearly twenty-two minutes all over the second side, and a certain grotesque humor is indicated in it, but the performance is really a joke that goes on far too long. Miss Chinalin Sharpe, an appealing singer, does her best as Ellington's "I Got It Bad" is slowly butchered.
Bessie Smith: *Any Woman's Blues.* Bessie Smith, vocal, accompanied by piano, duos, quartet, and quintet. Clara Smith, vocal, added on two tracks. Columbia monaural, GP-30126 (two records), $5.98.	This second set in a series of five is just as rewarding as its predecessor, *The World's Greatest Blues Singer,* GP-33. "Jail House Blues," "St. Louis Gal," "Cemetery Blues," and "Any Woman's Blues" are outstanding even by her standards. James P. Johnson's accompaniment to eight of the other titles is certainly an added delight, and there are four songs from 1929-30 with jazz horns in attendance that show a comfortable relationship. The suggestive lyrics of songs like the three that open the third side have been much criticized by those who hear in them the corrupting commercial values of vaudeville, but less attention should surely be paid the words themselves and more to their delivery. Bessie Smith never belonged to the folklorists. The recording transfers have again been handsomely effected, and only the ballooning cover art leaves something to be desired. —STANLEY DANCE.

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The Fruits of Industry, Or What AR Hath Wrought

by OLIVER DANIEL

During a symposium that was part of the Music Industry Conference sponsored by *Billboard* in Majorca last spring, I sharply criticized the industry. "We can be grateful," I remarked, "for the vast sums of money spent for electronic research to bring us music with increasingly improved fidelity. The medium has developed fantastically, but what of the message? What other industry has devoted so little to improve the very source on which its existence rests? Even the lumber industry does better."

One splendid new effort has been made, not by one of the giants of the electronic industry, but by one of the smaller, and I dare say better, of the lot: Acoustic Research, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The result has been mind-blowing, indeed. AR provided a group of composers with funds and technical support to enable them to record and have radio exposure of their music. Some of the works are of masterpiece quality, others are also-rans, but the lot covers six discs and includes fifteen composers, with works of exceptional interest. That nearly all of the music is serial might be expected on observing the names of the planners, but the end results are sufficiently varied. As part of this envisioned project, the music is available to the public on discs produced by Deutsche Grammophon for the low price of $2 each, and free to broadcasting stations in a series of fourteen thirty-minute transcriptions introduced by Leo Treitler of Brandeis University. AR's preference is for FM stations that broadcast in multiplex stereo; the transcriptions, however, are to appear as non-commercial broadcasts. The plan is a magnificent one, and Acoustic Research must be commended for its vision and courage.

While all of the music is exceptional, two works stand out boldly. They are Babbitt's *Philomel* and Sessions's Piano Sonata No. 3.

Sessions's Third Sonata follows in the tradition of his two earlier ones: big, broad, and epical. It shares a legitimate affinity with some of the great piano sonatas of the past: some of the last of Beethoven and Schubert, the F-minor Sonata of Brahms, and the Schumann *Fantasy*. It is related to such modern masterpieces as Carter's impressive early Sonata and the *Concord* of Ives. It has moments of lyric beauty, taut intensity, and, above all, a logical sense of evolution that seems as if it could not be otherwise. What may not titillate the easy ear will please the mind and sensibilities as only a masterpiece can, and masterpiece it is. In a sense, Sessions's Third Sonata is more akin to his First than to the knottier Second. Its technical demands are formidable, and Robert Helps, who also recorded the First on CRI, plays it with spectacular virtuosity.

Babbitt's *Philomel* has been frequently performed, lauded extravagantly, and taken as a point of reference by a bevy of young followers and enthusiasts of new music. This most cerebral of composers is something of a camp counselor (one critic said "den mother") to the brain-trained young musical intelligentsia, and *Philomel* is something to which they esthetically respond. It calls for a soprano, both live and prerecorded, pitted against a totally organized background of synthesized sound. It is a strong, poetic, tightly controlled work that seems to be tailored specifically for Bethany Beardslee, who sings it superbly. It is a difficult thing to have to follow Babbitt, and Fred Lerdahl's *Wake* is on the reverse side of *Philomel*. It, too, is sung by Beardslee, but this time with orchestral accompaniment. The performers are members of the Boston Symphony conducted by David Epstein.

Disc number two introduces another new composer, Edwin Dugger, with Music for Synthesizer and Six Instruments. Actually, it is designed for four separate tracks to be played through four speakers, two on each side of the live group. The recorded version, despite splendid stereo separation, obviously lacks the stereophonic effect intended. The use and integration of synthetic with instrumental sounds are done with great skill, and some wonderfully imaginative splashes of sound evolve.

It is followed by one of the odd-ball works in this collection. It is a Ricercar for Trombones by Robert Erickson, featuring that fantastic trombone virtuoso Stuart Dempster. Erickson is not preoccupied with Webernian niceties and clichés. He is a man more interested in sound per se, and the Ricercar is a sonic experience, with trombones literally conversing, cackling, and practically uttering obscenities.

Arthur Berger has been around a long while, and his style, once quite neo-classical, veered toward the Viennese as Stravinsky changed his tune. The two works of Berger recorded here differ radically from his earlier efforts. He was always a thoughtful, skilled craftsman, but his current writing is of virtuoso character. His problem is one that also plagues many of his colleagues. Despite their skills, their reliance on certain formulas and prescriptions of the current international school tends to produce similarity rather than individuality. Berger's piano pieces are indeed ingenious, and, with their plucked and dampened strings, they would have delighted Henry Cowell, who invented such practices. They are played remarkably by Arthur Miller, who, by day, is a successful attorney—and that would have pleased Charles Ives.

Stefan Wolpe is almost messianic to a coterie of followers. Unfortunately, I have never been won over to his particular brand of late dodecaphony, and the first of these current examples of his music leaves me cold. It is a set of Pieces in Two Parts for solo violin. But a piano work simply called *Form*, sensitively played by Russell Scherman, is another matter. It is a linear piece that seems to grow and expand as it calls for the greatest variety of nuance and delicate, contrasting sonorities. If it is as far away as one can get from the piano music of Mozart, it is none the less just as transparent.

One of Wolpe's great admirers is Charles Wuorinén. Since his recent winning of a Pulitzer Prize, Wuorinén's reputation has fanned out far beyond the New York area, where he has become one of the most omnipresent figures around. Along with Harvey Sollberger, Wuorinén has produced a series of concerts at Columbia University for more than a decade.

Wuorinén accompanies Paul Zukofsky in his Duo for Violin and Piano, a work brimming with complexities,

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which the two performers handle with vigor and élan. Wuorinén's vocabulary is of the current avant-garde, but his message, whether direct and brittle or delicately transparent, is quite compelling.

Sollberger has written a Grand Quartet for Flutes, and what could be more logical? Not since hearing Brant's *Angels and Devils* for an orchestra of flutes have I heard anything so tootlingly agreeable. It is a sprightly piece that leaps, soars, and tingles like a response to some icy tonal fingers running up and down one's spine. One seems at times to be wandering in a chirping aviary. But that is the superficial side. As a composition it is a product of brilliant and thoughtful construction.

A Duo for Violin and Cello by Phillip Rhodes is bravely played by Paul Zukofsky and cellist Robert Sylvester. The music protagonists are not too pleasant in their commentary and argument with one another. It bristles with interesting effects, but adds up to less than many other works by this gifted composer.

A heroine of no mean scope is Jan de Gaetani, who sings George Crumb's Madrigals, Books I-IV. These are hauntingly beautiful pieces with interesting juxtapositions of timbres, dynamics, and figurations. He achieves certain chromatic glissando effects with various instruments producing a kind of quarter-tone "bending" of a tone.

An *Orchestra Piece 1961* by Richard Hoffman is difficult to realize ideally in two-track stereo. His score calls for a stereophonic structure and spatial relationships by having an ensemble of "soloists" distributed in a fan-like pattern at different levels and with directional mikes picking up each section, then projecting them from a series of loud-speakers at the rear of the hall and a constantly revolving one suspended from the ceiling turning clockwise at about 15 rpm.

None of this is apparent on hearing the recording. What we have is a finely constructed orchestral work of about twenty-two minutes' duration that speaks clearly in the language of Schoenberg and Webern.

Hoffman was born in Vienna in 1925, migrating first to New Zealand in 1935, and to the United States in 1947, where he became first a student and later a devoted amanuensis of Arnold Schoenberg. He has formidable technical control, and, given all the sonic additives his score calls for, it should be an even more interesting piece than it is as recorded.

Portraits of Three Ladies, based on texts by Mrs. Stephen Vincent Benét, is scored for narrator with mezzo-soprano and large chamber ensemble with slide projections and an optional male dancer. The most successful of these portraits is a close-up of Nancy Hanks—the historical one and not our charming chairman of the National Council on the Arts. Composer Edward London has written a busy-busy score that often obscures the vocal lines and not too often enhances them. It has something of an Ivesian jumble about it. The text should be clearly heard, but it is not.

Two splendid sets of Variations round out the series: one by Peter Westergaard, the other by Charles Whittenberg. The Westergaard set, Variations for Six Players, is built on the briefest of thematic material with equally tiny variations that melt so rapidly into one another one might hardly realize where they are going. Westergaard writes with great economy and relishes clear, almost crystalline textures.

Whittenberg also uses a small force. His Variations are for nine players, but the texture is a good deal thicker and the general effect is more opaque. The language is much the same as that of his confreres, and language it is rather than merely a stylistic device. Perhaps the continuing series will admit a greater esthetic approach.

The Sound of the Sixties

Continued from page 41

and all manner of political figures at several levels dart in and out of the tape: Dirksen, Goldwater, Humphrey, Eisenhower, Johnson himself. These are comparatively uninspiring pickups, as is much on the first side of the second record, because that's the way it was during the first years of the living-room war. Who cares now about a reprise on the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, or our intervention in Santo Domingo, or the burning of the village of Kam Ne? It is surprising how arresting even these minor punctuation marks in the sentences of history can be when heard with the original voices and contemporary comment.

The other side of record two moves from the great power blackout of November 1965 through Pope Paul's visit to the United Nations ("No more war ever") to the Six-Day War between Israel and Egypt—over before Nasser's call for vengeance has ceased to echo. We wander through Senator McCarthy's running in the New Hampshire primary to challenge President Johnson's Vietnam policy, Dr. King's and Robert Kennedy's last, sad little speeches before sudden death, and Senator Edward Kennedy's heartbreaking eulogy of his brother in St. Patrick's Cathedral—something so poignant it is impossible to listen without reflecting the tears in Kennedy's voice.

Finally, we hear Nixon accepting the Republican nomination in Miami and Spiro Agnew telling the same assembly that his name is not yet a household word. Immediately, there is the ruckus in Chicago, chosen by the Democrats because Mayor Daley had promised them a "safe city," and after the invasion of Czechoslovakia and student explosions from Berkeley to Columbia, we listen to the stirring moon words from Genesis, then the fantastic late-night moon landing. Orgy or ornament, it fascinates the ear, from Vice President Agnew's castigation of the news media to Archibald MacLeish's poetic statement "to see the Earth as it truly is" that concludes these magnificent recordings.

This album is affectionately dedicated, at least in part, to Ed Murrow because it follows his tradition. If much of what one hears from the original moments in history seems only yesterday, then that is precisely why it is spellbinding. We remember it all so clearly, yet have forgotten so much. The original words bring it sailing back to memory, helped always by Walter Cronkite's great voice as guide.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Shakespearean Verdi

HERBERT WEINSTOCK ("Finer 'Forza,' Optional 'Requiems,'" *SR*, Oct. 31) may know his sharps and flats, but his knowledge of Verdi's contacts with Shakespeare seems to be completely off-key. *La Forza del destino* and its "fabric of more Shakespearean density" actually has nothing to do with Shakespeare since the opera is based on *Don Alvaro o la fuerza del sino* by the romantic Spanish dramatist and poet Angel Saavedra, el Duque de Rivas. This is just another case where writers in the United States show a complete ignorance and scorn for anything that comes from Spain.

JAMES H. ABBOTT,
Norman, Okla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Shakespearean" was used as a readily recognizable symbol to convey the scope of an opera not usually considered in such terms.*

The "Hobby" Catalogued

I READ with great pleasure Irving Kolodin's article "Three Men on a Hobby." I saw the "three" a few years back at Meadowbrook, and it was one of the most thrilling experiences that I have had in the music world.

On page 49 (*SR*, Oct. 31), he listed the Wednesday evening series and the Saturday evening series they are scheduled to play in New York. I would be most interested in finding out if these pieces listed have been recorded by the group. If so, do you have a discography of these numbers?

JOSEPH G. GILBERT,
Southfield, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See SR for November 28.*

"Witchcraft" or "Old Black Magic"?

IT IS APPROPRIATE that *SR* chose Halloween to run Irving Kolodin's musical diagnosis of Rosemary Brown's phenomenon ("Rosemary's Babies," *SR*, Oct. 31). How else could one explain his bothering to review such "indigestible" fare in your male chauvinist treatment of the arts.

For centuries men have pooh-poohed women's special talents and powers as strange or in the nature of witchcraft. Menstruation was feared. Childbirth was surrounded by strange notions. Even Freud wrapped a pall around woman that she has hardly escaped in the twentieth century.

Now, Mr. Kolodin, you have bowed to allow more than two columns with your by-line to downgrade what you cannot explain with your isolated background channeled into the arts section of the male-oriented *Saturday Review*. If Rosemary Brown is mediocre as a transcriber of great ghosts, and you deny the ghosts, then why have you bothered?

I can tell you why. Anything that women have had the fortitude to venture in the man's world has received ridicule. This piece is disgustingly ridiculous. Why not let Rosemary have her day in this male jungle of life without degrading her? Save your male-minded columns for your male idols and leave the Rosemarys of this world alone.

MISS GEORGIE KUNKEL,
Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Why wasn't Miss Brown visited by Cécile Chaminade, Dame Ethel Smyth, or even Mrs. H. H. A. Beach?*

Menuhin's "Swan Lake"

ON PAGE 54 of the October 31 issue, the review of Bernstein's recording of *Swan Lake* (ORCHESTRAL LPS) says, "by contrast, Angel considers this music worth the while of Yehudi Menuhin." Can you tell me to what recording this refers? The two record shops I've contacted have been unable to locate it. I will be most grateful for your help. Thank you.

MRS. MARY S. ACUFF,
Trenton, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Seraphim S-6011 conducted by Efrem Kurtz contains the answer.*

"Budget" Scores for Berlioz

PERHAPS THE FOLLOWING comment may be of interest, and helpful, to owners of the new and superb recording of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* (Philips, 6709 002 SLP). During the winter of 1959-60 while I was working up a paper on "Vergil in Opera," I had a friend in Paris send me the vocal scores of the two parts of Berlioz's work as they are published by Choudens, Paris. *La Prise de Troie* is marked on the title page *"Nouvelle Edition," "Partition Chant et Piano," "Réduction de L. Narici," "U.S.A. Copyright 1899, by Choudens."* It runs 257 pages, cost NF 31.20 (with the franc worth then about 20 cents, $6.24). *Les Troyens à Carthage* bears on the title page *"Edition conforme à la Partition manuscrite, déposée à la Bibliothèque du Conservatoire 1889," "Partition Chant et Piano, Transcrite par l'Auteur."* It cost NF 31.40, or $6.28; $12.52 for the two scores; plus the postage, not more than $15 altogether, perhaps $13.50 or thereabouts.

Of course, it would be very pleasant to be able to afford the new Bärenreiter complete score, but I have played through the recording twice, following the vocal score, with great pleasure. Everything in the vocal lines on the records is in the partitions; the piano accompaniment of course misses the full texture of Berlioz's writing, which is inevitable. But there is enough on the printed page to enable one to follow what is going on in the orchestra. In one case the partition is fuller than the recording; in the Ballet in Act II, Scene 3 of *Les Troyens à Carthage* the recording makes a cut of about a page, omitting page 152 of the partition.

I pass on this information for what it is worth; perhaps it will encourage some owner of the recording to add to his pleasure with the vocal scores—and who feels like myself that he can't afford the Bärenreiter score. "The Royal Hunt and Storm" in the partition follows, rather than precedes, the scene in the garden. My own feeling, as one familiar with Vergil's Book IV, is that it is better so, though Ernest Newman in his discussion of *Les Troyens* in his *More Stories of Famous Operas* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1955) leaves the matter open. I recommend this essay as an excellent and illuminating discussion of Berlioz's masterpiece.

JAMES S. CONSTANTINE,
Charlottesville, Va.

Our Overprivileged Emissaries

A SHORT TIME ago this Embassy received two records—*Switched-On Bach*, the Carlos Moog Synthesizer record, and Berio's *Sinfonia* with the Swingle Singers—under what is called the Diplomats' Reading and Cultural Program.

We get these cultural CARE packets, as I'm sure you must know, because someone worries that our service abroad so isolates us from our homeland that we need special help in keeping abreast of artistic and cultural developments there.

Irving Kolodin, together with Peter Mennin, is alleged to be responsible for seeing that we don't fall behind musically.

Are these records such American musical milestones that he couldn't take the chance that we might ignore them in local record shops? And what will he send us next?

JORMA L. KAUKONEN,
First Secretary, U.S. Embassy,
Ottawa, Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Not every embassy has Ottawa's accessibility to record shops.*

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1430

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1430 will be found in the next issue.

YF ZSGPB OR N XYTR FWYTM XSH FWR ZSHPB YX RKRHJ-STR ZRHR RTFYFPRB, YT VSCR VPYMWF BRMHRR, FS OR PGQEJ.

—R. O. ZWYFR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1429

We don't believe in rheumatism and true love until after the first attack. —EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

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Khrushchev

Continued from page 23

months before the fall of Dienbienphu. "The situation was very grave. The resistance movement in Vietnam was on the brink of collapse." Chou En-lai is quoted as saying, "Comrade Ho Chi Minh has told me that the situation in Vietnam is hopeless and that if we don't attain a cease-fire soon, the Vietnamese won't be able to hold out against the French."

But if Ho Chi Minh's military situation was so gloomy, how did he mobilize the forces that encircled and finally forced the surrender of Dienbienphu? One can think of answers, of course. For example, Ho may have drained his last reserves for the battle, hoping that a victory at this point would finally snap the already greatly weakened will of the French to continue the struggle —which is what happened. If *Khrushchev Remembers* is to be believed, the Communists "gasped with surprise and pleasure" when Mendès-France proposed to divide Vietnam at the 17th Parallel. "The 17th Parallel was the absolute maximum we would have claimed ourselves."

The potentials in all this for the contemporary American debate on Vietnam are self-evident. The general assumption of American public opinion has been that the Viet Cong and North Vietnam are tireless, and that they are prepared to fight indefinitely—something this country is obviously not prepared to do. Those who have argued that the 1968 Tet offensive losses of the Viet Cong and North Vietnam plus their losses in Cambodia have radically weakened the foe—and justify American stubbornness at the Paris talks—will be delighted. Doves will be more inclined to suspect the authenticity of this section of the book, and thus the entire work.

Khrushchev emerges from this volume—as he did during his years on center stage—as one of the most complex and contradictory major figures of the mid-twentieth century.

On the one hand he is the devout believer in communist ideology and the simple-minded advocate of Soviet and communist imperialism. This volume relates with relish his role in the Sovietization of Eastern Poland after that unfortunate country was divided between Stalin and Hitler in 1939. In discussing the Korean War, Khrushchev approves Stalin's decision to encourage Kim Il-sung to invade South Korea, saying, "I would have made the same decision myself if I had been in his place."

But if those were his only traits, he would not have been the great reforming influence that he was in the Soviet Union, the man who made the historic break with Stalinism that his successors have partially reversed. Some of this other side of Khrushchev shows up vividly here.

There is, for example, his trenchant criticism of Stalin's policy of deprecating the role of American Lend Lease in helping the Soviet Union to survive during World War II. The fact that Soviet military might played the largest single role in winning World War II against Nazi Germany is in no way minimized by the equal fact that American food, medicines, vehicles, and other supplies played a useful and important role in sustaining the Soviet economy and war effort during years of crisis.

A similar intriguing heterodoxy is evident in the concluding section of this book where Khrushchev argues for opening the borders of the Soviet Union and letting its people travel abroad, and even live in other countries for years at a time if they wish. His question "Why should we build a good life for a people and then keep our border bolted with seven locks?" is pertinent indeed. There would be no need for desperate escape efforts such as that of the unfortunate Lithuanian sailor who sought refuge on the United States Coast Guard cutter *Vigilant* if Soviet citizens could go abroad freely.

The point is that the Soviet system is far more repressive and defensive in its official attitudes and practices than is really necessary. Surely a powerful nation like the USSR could afford to let an Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn accept the Nobel Prize and return home, and it could also survive the voluntary departure to Israel of those of its Jews who would like to go. But the Stalinist mentality that Khrushchev fought so vigorously—though he shared and still shares it in part—cannot understand this. Perhaps Khrushchev can voice these sentiments because he honestly believes Soviet socialism is the world's best system and can stand free competition, while today's Moscow rulers have their doubts on both scores. But then Khrushchev didn't open the borders completely either when he had power.

One finishes these memoirs realizing more than ever what a transitional figure Khrushchev was and is. A man whose own adult lifetime spanned the gap between Tsarist Russia—which was largely peasant Russia—and a Soviet Union that sends rockets to Venus, he had to learn much by hard experience rather than from books. Yet both he and the men who ousted him so that they could rule today belong to a generation whose time is running very short. Soon men of a new generation will take over the Kremlin, men who may feel they have less of a vested interest in the Stalin era and more of an obligation to objective history. *Khrushchev Remembers* — like the works of Leon Trotsky and of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—cannot appear legally in the Soviet Union today. One of the tests of tomorrow's rulers will be whether they will permit these works finally to compete on their own merits in some future marketplace of Soviet public opinion.

Poetry Quarterly

Continued from page 25

man's poems are so stripped down to the necessary that there is no need for explanation. Quotation of three complete poems illustrates his art: "Kites/ again/ kissing/ the sky/ goodbye"; "Willows/ pushing buds/ I/ only/ reach to feel/ more"; "Of course,/ life matters,/ Twitter,/ sparrow,/ and let me/ know it."

For me, the most successful poetry running against the conventions of the art form also runs counter to the rules of society, rules that the poet feels are outmoded or corrupted. I think that Daniel Berrigan in *Trial Poems* (Beacon, $17.50), a facsimile edition of a prison work produced in collaboration with the painter Thomas Lewis, has become a more genuine poet as his political commitment and his antiwar feelings have loosened the restraint that led him in his earlier poetry to what I felt were rather weak imitations of Gerard Manley Hopkins. In the same way, a new sense of commitment —a deeply felt response to the slaughter in Vietnam and in the riots at home —has improved the poetry of Denise Levertov. In *Relearning the Alphabet* (New Directions, $4.75, paperback $1.75) she provides a genuine naturalness, with a clarity of purpose and vision and without the ambiguity of her earliest work.

Three other poets seem to me to belong to the same general category: Donald Finkel in *The Garbage Wars* (Atheneum, paperback $3.95), Paul Hannigan in *Laughing* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), and Ed Roberson in *When Thy King Is a Boy* (Pittsburgh University Press, paperback $2.25). Like the title of his volume, Finkel's metaphors provide a sound index to the character of his poetry. Finkel looks upon experience with a wryly unheroic curiosity, marveling at life's miracles ("track of the snail/who only this morning/married flowers"), aware of its pain and anguish ("The city wears about her neck a/ garland of dead rats"). Hannigan

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mixes skepticism and faith in his most characteristic comments. His seagulls are "blind garbage/ Collectors," but "Graceful/ Swimmers." His lame man limps in his sleep, but leaps "so high on his crutches/ That his legs danced in the sun." The quiet fierceness of Ed Roberson's poetry terrifies as it comes out from a controlled if unconventional verse form that seems an amalgam of Charles Olson and E. E. Cummings. His idiom and expression suggest all the tensions behind his black consciousness. Although he describes his work as having the "kind of architecture of/ things which live in the sea/ they are

built/ without a base," they seem more like ominous icebergs, seven-eighths invisible and threatening beyond their placid surface appearance.

The final two poets, Irving Feldman and Charles Edward Eaton, may not belong at all in the category of unconventional poets, and yet, it seems to me, their use of conventions becomes a very personal thing that removes them from tradition. Feldman's poetry in *Magic Papers and Other Poems* (Harper & Row, $4.95) defies the orthodoxies by playing off his work against the expectations of the genre. For example, in his elegy on Frank O'Hara, without elaborate pathos, he conveys a full sense of his personal anguish at the poet's accidental death. He uses O'Hara's own tough-mindedness ("Flat on your back looking flat up./ You would have disapproved/ Our solemn squish. . . .") to limit the emotionalism. The roughness of diction, hardly consistent with the expected decorum of the genre, nevertheless achieves its sense of homage by adopting the manner of the dead poet. In Feldman's poetry generally the effect is achieved by the unconventional application of conventions.

If Eaton's poetry, with its use of rhymed stanzas, appears superficially to belong to a formal tradition, his long, free lines and sometimes brutal imagery and diction, pushing his feelings to their limit, suggest otherwise. *On the Edge of the Knife* (Abelard-Schuman, $4.50) combines conventional and unconventional in such a way that it finally is the poet's own work. Perhaps, after all, that is the way of poetry. Whether bound to tradition or not, its value rests on the peculiar virtues of the particular poet.

World of Dance

Continued from page 36

to Béjart's highly individual style. In *Les Noces*, for example, he has heard the Orientalisms in the score and has thus peopled his ballet with figures that range from Russian boyars through Kathakali figures from India to a Chinese princess-bride. Instead of being a primitive Russian rite, this *Les Noces* is multi-racial. Furthermore, the Bride and Bridegroom in formal dress (he Russian, she Chinese) are duplicated in spirit by two figures in white leotards and tights, a male and a female, and these are the visions borne by the Bride and Groom of the bliss and ecstasy to come after the ceremonies are ended. It is an almost ghostly concept, but a curiously powerful one.

In *Boléro*, a girl stands on a huge orange-red circular table. With the music, she commences a movement pattern that includes a Martha Graham-like pelvic thrust followed by a placement of the hands on the table and a simple step in space. The forty men are dimly seen in chairs that surround three sides of a square. Everyone is seated. The girl continues to move. One, two, three men shift in their chairs; a pause; some rise; a pause; others move away from their chairs; pause; some of the men come forward and begin their own pelvic pulsations; pause; the whole arena begins to churn, and, at the end, forty men surround the table and throw themselves at the girl as the stage goes black.

But this is Béjart: spectacular mass patterns with a blazing spotlight focused upon the animal in man himself. Emily Genauer, the distinguished American art critic, told me after a performance: "Ravel's *Boléro* is not my choice of either music or ballet fare, but I have to tell you that an elderly Belgian gentleman sitting next to me in the box had his knee going in rhythm against mine; so whatever Béjart has cooked up, it certainly works." Whatever the American public's verdict may be about Maurice Béjart's artistry, there can be no question about his theatricality. It is flamboyant, and, if you let yourself go, it will stir you from your appreciative eyes to your . . . well, what?

The Brooklyn season very probably will feature *Firebird* late in the run, a *pas de deux* for America's own Suzanne Farrell, our most famous defector from Balanchine (see box), plus *Le Sacre du printemps, Bhakti, Nomos Alpha, Actus Tragicus, Les Vainqueurs*, and the full-length *La Messe pour le temps présent.*

Cruel, Cruel Critics

Continued from page 14

often barely reach the level of true criticism at all. Her writing is unquestionably proficient and intelligent, for she knows an enormous amount about movies; yet, she is so "open" that she is really speaking of little more than her random responses. She is the ordinary intelligent moviegoer raised to its quintessence: the ultimate member of the audience. But because she is so deeply involved with the audience (which she often reviews far more perceptively than the film) she is incapable of leading it anywhere, taking it in new directions. (Sarris at least tried to do that.) Without watching the movie very carefully, she is extremely sharp with the corner of her eye: spotting the enthusiast's hypocritical yawn, picking up on the hippie's aggressive little giggle in the back row. But if she is the greatest critic of film audiences who ever lived (and one could do worse), it is because she is so squarely in the center of the crowd; not its leader but only its most articulate member. She cannot save that audience from itself; she can only have it out with a few cutting, a few clarifying remarks, like a very smart, very perceptive older sister finally having her say in some stupid family spat.

Does the public need critics? Do artists? That's the subject of another essay, but I think they do, simply because it is better to be aware than unaware, better to know what one is doing than have one's responses be the plaything of the moment. Certainly, reviewers ought to provide the public with more information and less opinion; certainly, there ought to be much more criticism of the non-journalistic kind. We could use an American publication on the level of the French *Cahiers*. A lively medium sparks lively writing, but more than that is needed to change and educate taste. Perhaps a dissatisfied public may someday lead a recalcitrant press into the Age of Awareness.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 i, Falstaff. 2j, Nero Wolfe. 3g, Tartuffe. 4f, Roly-Poly or Boule-de-Suif. 5h, Gargantua. 6b, Sancho Panza. 7a Tweedledum and Tweedledee. 8c, the wife of Bath. 9d, Joe, the Fat Boy (*Pickwick Papers*). 10 e, Piggy (*Lord of the Flies*).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 27: signet, tinges, ingest.

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

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FREE BOOK describing book, "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 428-P, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1916

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Commotion	38 70 80 95 115 173
B. Type of restaurant	175 92 118 162 183 3 13 47 50 60 63 86
C. Ornament of floral forms in a flat radiating cluster	112 123 129 137 153 177 181 15 53
D. Assaults; favors (2 wds.)	119 122 127 131 32 39 56
E. Bismarck's message that helped provoke the Franco-Prussian war (2 wds.)	62 111 120 158 174 21 98 143 148 4 49
F. The "yong Squier" was "fresh as is the ——." (3 wds., "Canterbury Tales")	51 83 126 136 142 160 104 23 33 176
G. Pseudonym of Rabelais (first name)	178 6 17 46 16 64 72 84 150 170
H. Last name, WORD G	188 10 25 35 42 87
I. Carping (comp.)	164 12 22 151 45 77 179 67 157 140
J. Children's book by Charles Kingsley (3 wds.)	1 18 30 74 163 11 55 100 114 172 91 108 135 147
K. Play by James Elroy Flecker	149 184 40 82 24 139
L. Small talk (2 wds.)	20 59 116 167 105 75 27 68 94 187 9

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Light screens serving as walls, partitions, or sliding doors	41 78 133 145 69 155
N. Massive	106 169 52 88 159
O. Things that relieve, prevent, or counteract	57 71 102 138 90 103 110 5 43
P. Specialists in equivokes	152 146 166 85 141 7 107 132
Q. Representation of a cherubic infant	185 161 165 182 117
R. Lovely lady of WORD K	28 65 97 134 128 154
S. Mountaineering implements	186 76 121 124 14 109
T. State of being or place midway between two extremes	36 99 26 8 125
U. Second step of the Hegelian dialectic	31 54 93 101 144 61 180 113 130 171
V. Monster, daughter of Poseidon and Gaea	168 2 156 19 37 29 66 81 44
W. Distinguished	96 34 79 58 89 73 48

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 J	2 V	3 B		4 E	5 O	6 G	7 P	8 T	9 L	10 H	11 J
12 I	13 B	14 S		15 C	16 G		17 G	18 J	19 V	20 L	21 E	22 I	23 F	24 K	25 H	
26 T	27 L	28 R		29 V	30 J		31 U		32 D	33 F	34 W	35 H	36 T	37 V		38 A
39 D	40 K	41 M	42 H	43 O	44 V	45 I	46 G	47 B		48 W	49 E	50 B		51 F	52 N	53 C
54 U	55 J	56 D		57 O	58 W	59 L		60 B	61 U	62 E		63 B	64 G	65 R	66 V	67 I
68 L	69 M	70 A	71 O		72 G	73 W		74 J	75 L	76 S	77 I	78 M		79 W	80 A	
81 V	82 K		83 F	84 G	85 P	86 B	87 H	88 N	89 W	90 O		91 J	92 B	93 U		94 L
95 A	96 W		97 R	98 E	99 T	100 J	101 U	102 O		103 O	104 F		105 L	106 N	107 P	108 J
109 S	110 O	111 E	112 C	113 U		114 J	115 A	116 L	117 Q	118 B	119 D	120 E		121 S	122 D	
123 C	124 S		125 T	126 F	127 D		128 R	129 C		130 U	131 D		132 P	133 M	134 R	135 J
136 F	137 C	138 O	139 K	140 I		141 P	142 F	143 E	144 U		145 M	146 P	147 J	148 E		149 K
150 G	151 I	152 P	153 C	154 R	155 M		156 V	157 I	158 E		159 N	160 F	161 Q		162 B	163 J
164 I	165 Q		166 P	167 L	168 V	169 N	170 G	171 U	172 J	173 A	174 E	175 B	176 F		177 C	178 G
179 I	180 U		181 C	182 Q		183 B	184 K	185 Q	186 S	187 L	188 H					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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How new Memorex Recording Tape shattered glass and why it will make your favorite music sound better.

To shatter glass with the human voice, a singer must reach and hold the pitch it takes to make a given glass vibrate. That pitch must then be projected with enough volume to vibrate the glass to its shatter point.

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You should hear us.

MEMOREX Recording Tape
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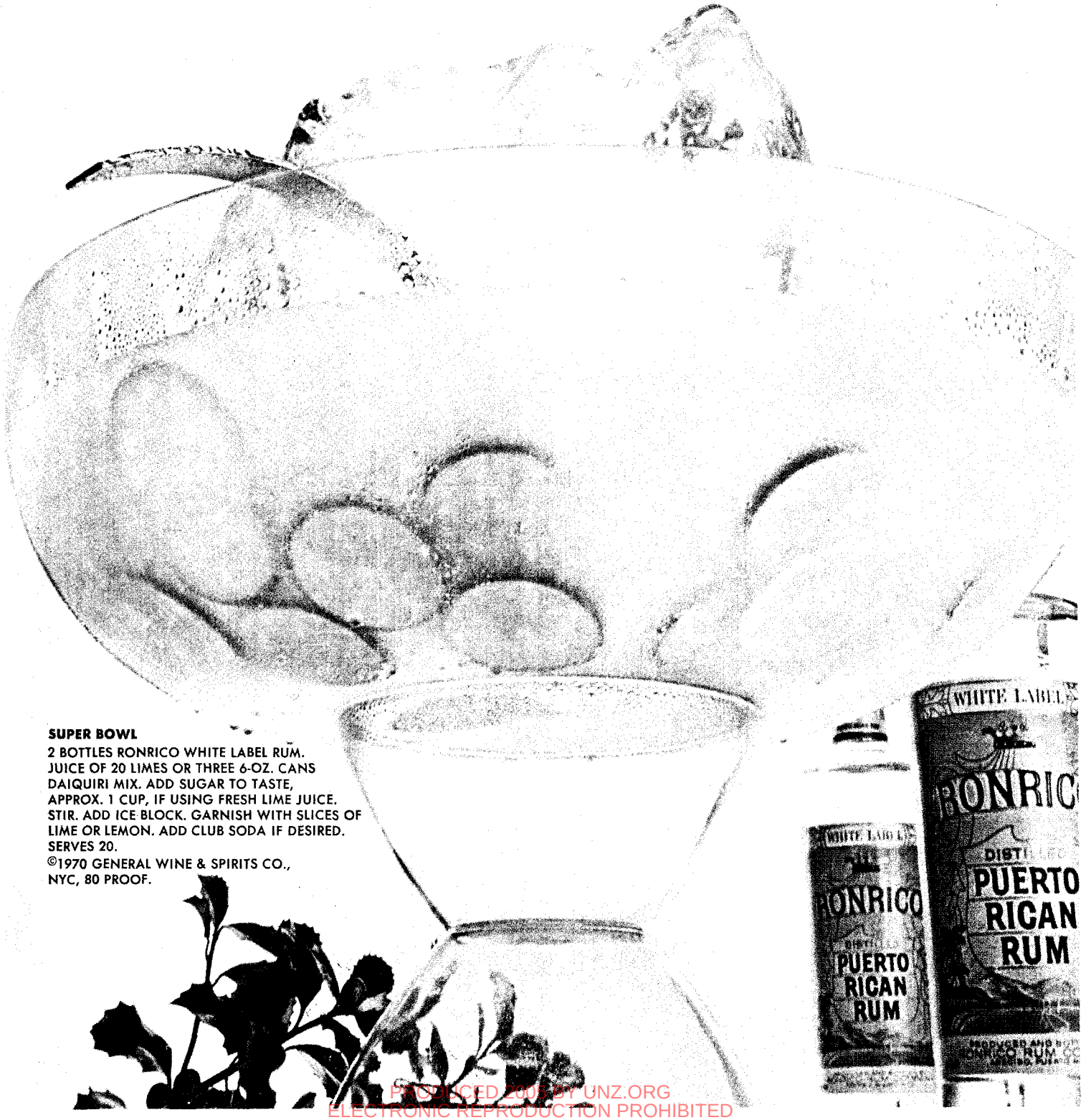
SUPER BOWL.
THE HOLIDAY PUNCH MADE WITH SUPER RUM, RONRICO.
THINK OF IT AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST, TASTIEST DAIQUIRI.



SUPER BOWL
2 BOTTLES RONRICO WHITE LABEL RUM. JUICE OF 20 LIMES OR THREE 6-OZ. CANS DAIQUIRI MIX. ADD SUGAR TO TASTE, APPROX. 1 CUP, IF USING FRESH LIME JUICE. STIR. ADD ICE BLOCK. GARNISH WITH SLICES OF LIME OR LEMON. ADD CLUB SODA IF DESIRED. SERVES 20.
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